JULY 16,
1938

Liberty

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HERBERT HOOVER Tells in Exclusive Interview What America Must Do Next

LOVE DURING BUSINESS—A Novel of Hearts and Offices by Margaret E. Sangster

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Jane's Smarter than a Lot of Grown-ups She'll never let "Pink Tooth Brush" spoil her smile

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firmer and teeth sounder

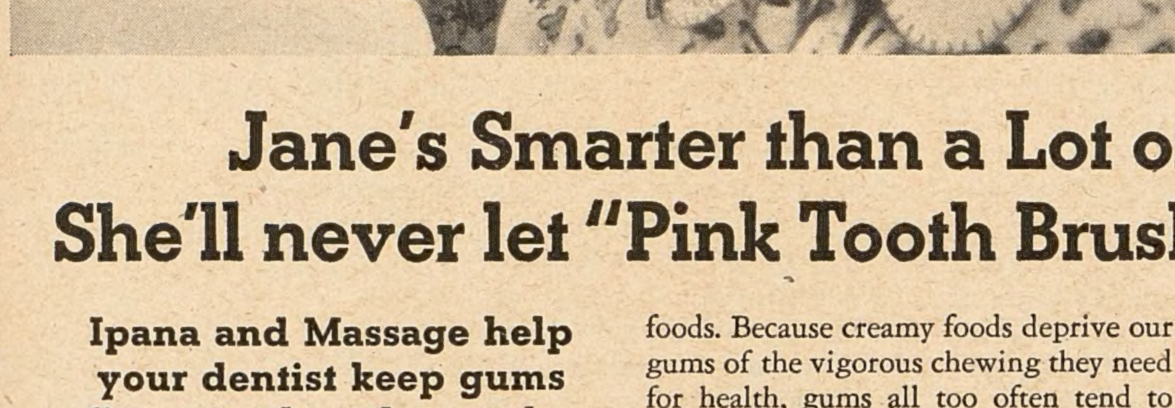
GAY little Jane, always laughing, always flashing that warm, sunny smile! But a very wise little girl, too—and very sensible. For she has mastered a lesson in dental hygiene most adults have still to learn. Already she knows the importance of *massage* to healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth.

Nowadays, children everywhere are being taught the danger of today's soft foods. Because creamy foods deprive our gums of the vigorous chewing they need for health, gums all too often tend to grow flabby and weak—to flash a warning tinge of "pink."

When you see that tinge of "pink" on your brush, *see your dentist at once.* You may not be in for serious gum trouble, but only your dentist should decide. Usually, however, it is just another case of neglected gums—gums that need more work and exercise—gums that, as many dentists say, "need the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to keep teeth sparkling. Whenever you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into the gums. Circulation increases within the gums. They tend to become firmer, stronger. They look and feel better.

Buy a famous tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Help keep your smile winning and attractive!


LET IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP MAKE YOUR SMILE APPEALING
I WONDER WHY MY SMILE LOOKS DINGY! I'M ALWAYS CLEANING MY TEETH!
BUT, MOTHER-YOU DON'T MASSAGE YOUR GUMS! TEACHER SAYS TO DO IT THIS WAY IF YOU WANT A BRIGHTER SMILE
SUCH COMPLIMENTS, JACK! I'D BETTER GIVE OUR CHILD A PRESENT FOR THAT TIP ON IPANA AND MASSAGE!

TRY THE NEW DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D. D. *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

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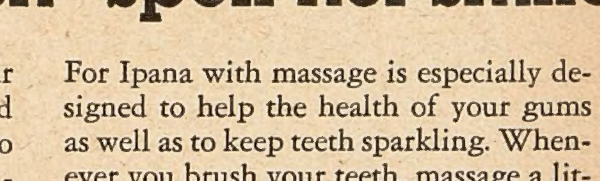
GOOD TEETH GOOD GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
NEW YORK

JULY 16, 1938 **Liberty** VOL. 15, NO. 29

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

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ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

WITH THE COUNTRY GASPING FOR FINANCIAL BREATH

BERNARR MACFADDEN

We are told that while Rome burned Nero fiddled, and we have had a parallel situation in our Washington Congress during the last session.

While the country has been gasping for financial breath, they have "fiddled" with various kinds of socialistic legislation that had little or nothing to do with remedying our distressing problems.

To be sure, they have supplied substantial relief in the surplus profits tax and the capital gains tax. Perhaps a starving man should be grateful for crumbs, especially at a source from which he has previously received sledge-hammer blows.

But what is the one outstanding disaster that we are facing at this time? There will be no argument on this subject . . . everybody will admit it is our ghastly unemployment situation.

And what is the source of employment? Business, industry, farming included.

And what have our legislators in the last Congress done to promote the source of employment? Outside of the relief furnished on surplus profits and capital gains taxes, practically everything they have done or attempted to do has indicated antagonism toward business . . . which is not only the source of employment but the source of the salaries of every Washington official.

And what could they have done to create more employment? They could first of all have changed their costly and foolish attitude toward business. They could have realized that even a dog does not bite the hand that feeds it, and that a more friendly attitude toward business would in itself have been a source of untold encouragement to investors in private enterprises.

They could have recognized the wreckage that has been brought about through the Wagner Labor Relations Act and the Spanish Inquisition commission that was appointed to carry out its infamous rulings. That one bill, together with the efforts to enforce it, has undoubtedly added three or four million to our unemployment, and for proof as to the accuracy of this statement ask any hard-headed business executive.

Why should employers spend their money promoting their interests and increasing the number of their employees, when they are being harassed by unreasonable rules which in some instances deny them the inalienable rights of American citizenship?

And there is the Reorganization Bill, which threatened to give us a dictator whose power would be greater than Hitler's or Mussolini's. Can any one with a minute atom of mental attainments think that a business investor would try to extend his efforts with such a threat hanging over his head? Would he not automatically follow the opposite policy? He would do everything he possibly could to avoid the losses that might occur from such a change in our political system.

And there is the Wage and Hour Bill . . . another un-American threat to the business interests of this country which will add another million or more to the unemployed.

When a bunch of politicians, without business experience and minus the sympathy necessary to reasonably and justly consider business problems, get together and try to remedy business evils, we can only exclaim, God help business!

The American system of government has proven it to be the most liberal, the most successful of which there is any historical record, and the effort of this administration to control and direct business activities has sent us toward the financial scrap heap at furious speed.

The "do-nothing" policy of Hoover in the latter part of his administration was caustically criticized, and we demanded action, and we have had action . . . with nearly twenty billion dollars of increased indebtedness and an unemployment record at an all-time high.

Unless our Washington legislators can be made to realize the folly of their reasoning, the second depression, which we are facing, may incur penalties that will bring us national oblivion—the usual fate of people who are foolishly governed.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

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THE TRUTH ABOUT JOHN JONES*...

by A. E. DUNCAN
Chairman of the Board
COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

JOHN JONES is one of millions of American wage-earners, salaried and professional workers whose annual income is more than $1,000. He occasionally purchases articles on the instalment plan.

His critics would have you believe that he fosters heedless buying of luxuries, promotes extravagance, piles up debt and contributes to or prolongs a business depression. They believe that his instalment purchases are a huge proportion of all retail purchases, which is not at all true.

I believe it is my duty as head of a national organization, with 4,500 employes, specializing in financing instalment sales, to tell you the truth about John Jones—*sound instalment buyer*—and to offset much misinformation which has been and is being spread about him.

Depressions are not caused by people's purchases. Purchase and consumption create *more* business, *more* jobs, *more* wealth, *more* prosperity. Depressions are caused when people *stop* normal purchasing. To blame any depression on the instalment purchasers means that instalment buying must *drop off* in much greater proportion than cash or short term credit buying.

The facts shown by the recent report of the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce are that the estimated total instalment sales during 1937 were only 12.2% of total estimated retail sales, compared with 11.8% for 1936, 10.9% for 1935, and 13% for 1929; also, that the average amount of credit outstanding on retail instalment accounts during 1937 was about $2,900,000,000.

Total retail sales during 1937 approximated $41,000,000,000, of which only 12.2%, or $5,000,000,000, were instalment sales and 87.8%, or $36,000,000,000, were for cash or on open credit. A 40% *drop* in all retail sales, during a depression, based on 1937 figures, means a *drop* of 4.88%, or $2,000,000,000, on all instalment sales; but it would also mean a *drop* of 35.12%, or $14,400,000,000, in retail sales made for cash or on open credit.

It must be obvious, then, that the drop in volume of sales for cash or open credit, and not the drop in instalment sales, causes and prolongs a business depression. A total retail instalment debt of $2,900,000,000, which is reduced during a depression, need not cause concern.

Systematic saving is one of the basic principles of accumulating wealth. Sound instalment buying encourages the budgeting of family income and systematic saving for investment in durable family possessions. It produces mass buying power and makes mass production possible, which results in much lower prices on articles generally sold on the instalment plan. It has helped build great industries—the automobile, refrigerator and radio industries. It keeps factories busy and labor employed. It has raised America's living standard far above that of any other nation. It has made yesterday's luxuries today's necessities.

Upon the above facts, I believe that all reasonable persons will find that John Jones—*sound instalment buyer*—is not a menace. He is a worthy and valuable contributor to the prosperity of American business and to the happiness of American life.

AE Duncan

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*A symbolical name, not that of any person.

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BEGINNING

LOVE *During* BUSINESS

BY MARGARET E. *Sangster*

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART ONE—A JOB . . AND A WARNING

THE elevator boy let Janet Carraway out at the floor marked "Penthouse" and slammed the gate of his car and dropped down into the vastness of space. Janet, an isolated atom thirty-six stories above the city street, felt a strange empty sensation in the pit of her stomach. She said, "Oh, gee—oh, gosh," which was silly, because it meant nothing, and then she walked slowly across to the green door with the massive knocker.

"I don't know why I'm so jittery," she told herself as an antique brass lion's claw beat rhythmically against fireproof metal. "I'm a good stenographer and I've held other responsible positions. This isn't my first."

The door swung open so quickly that Janet had a queer feeling of being spied upon. A gaunt elderly maid stood in the opening. She looked at Janet with steely eyes. "You knocked?"

"You bet I knocked," Janet answered. "May I see Mrs. Gillespie, please?"

The maid drew her heavy brows together. "What's your business with Mrs. Gillespie?" she wanted to know.

Janet replied, "The agency sent me up. I'm the new secretary."

The elderly maid stared, and then all at once she was convulsed with an eerie mirth. "Saints preserve us!"

Janet asked a little crossly, "Mayn't I come inside? And what's the joke, anyway?"

The maid told her, "You are. You're the joke. You'll never make the grade. You're too young and pretty."

Janet said, "Thanks. But I'm not as young as all that—nor as pretty either. My looks never did me out of a job before."

"*Here* is different," the maid told her, and added, "Come into the foyer, if you must."

Janet, frowning, entered the penthouse and the fireproof green door closed behind her. She said:

"Do you always treat people this way when they come to deliver the wash or take dictation or sell Fuller brushes?"

"Always," said the maid, "when they're *young girls.* Mrs. Gillespie don't take to young girls. . . . You wait here. I'll be back."

"Thanks," said Janet. She seated herself gingerly on a carved Italian chair and watched the maid's angular departing back. Perhaps because she was nervous, her fingers traced the ornate design upon the arms of the chair. "More lion claws," she told herself. "This is like the business end of a zoo."

The foyer was magnificent. Almost too magnificent. Most of the things in it were made of dark wood and upholstered in red velvet. Upon a long table she saw odd impressive silver goblets that might have been museum pieces and might just as easily have been something else. A frilly doll in a seventeenth-century costume concealed what must have been a telephone. There were a great many multishaped ash trays standing about.

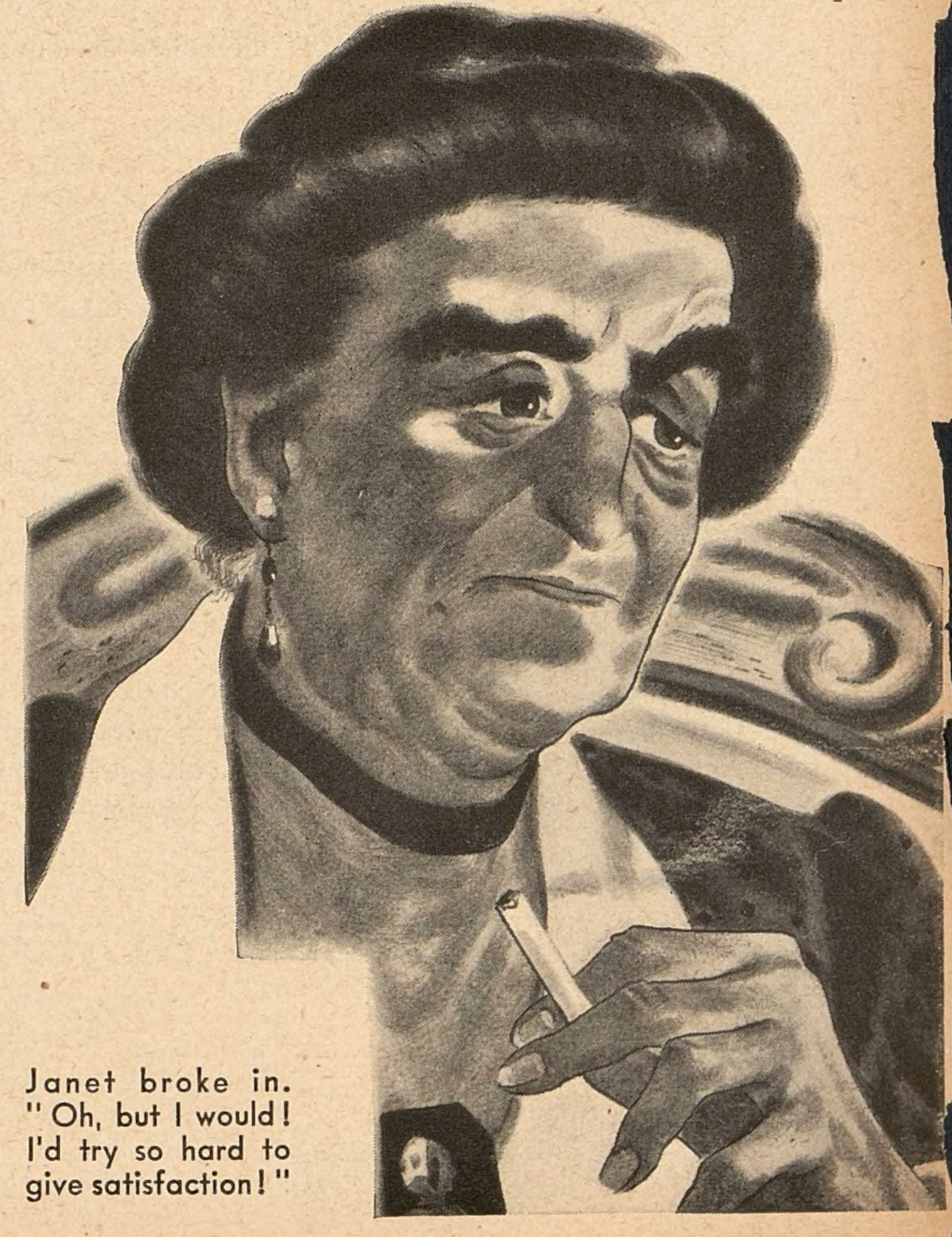
Janet, remembering suddenly that Mrs. Gillespie made doodads for a living, chuckled. Her first view of the penthouse seemed doodaddy in the extreme.

"I wonder what La Gillespie is like?" she speculated, and went back in her mind over the numerous pages of publicity which she had read about the woman who might become her employer.

Reporters and feature writers had said plenty of the successful Leonora Gillespie in the last fifteen years. Starting as a home body (quote) who adored making pretty things for her own little nest (quote), Mrs. Gillespie had become one of America's really impressive industries. There were few flats in the United States that didn't boast several original Gillespie items; there were few cottages and castles that had managed to escape at least one Gillespie pincushion. Interviewers kidded the lady because of her patent pot holders and dustless powder puffs and cute corks for ginger-ale bottles—to say nothing of a million other dust catchers. But they did not take lightly the genius of a woman who had made these dust catchers desirable to all other women. Mrs. Gillespie herself had laughingly told, many a time, of the plaster-of-Paris plaques with which she had adorned the walls of her first home, and of the gilded frying pan that had hung in her mother's parlor.

"They weren't much funnier than some of the things I make now," she admitted honestly; and the public—relishing her humanity—rushed out to buy and buy again.

When the call had come to the agency that morning, Janet had been thrilled at the thought of becoming secretary to a celebrity. But something cautious in her make-up



Janet broke in. "Oh, but I would! I'd try so hard to give satisfaction!"

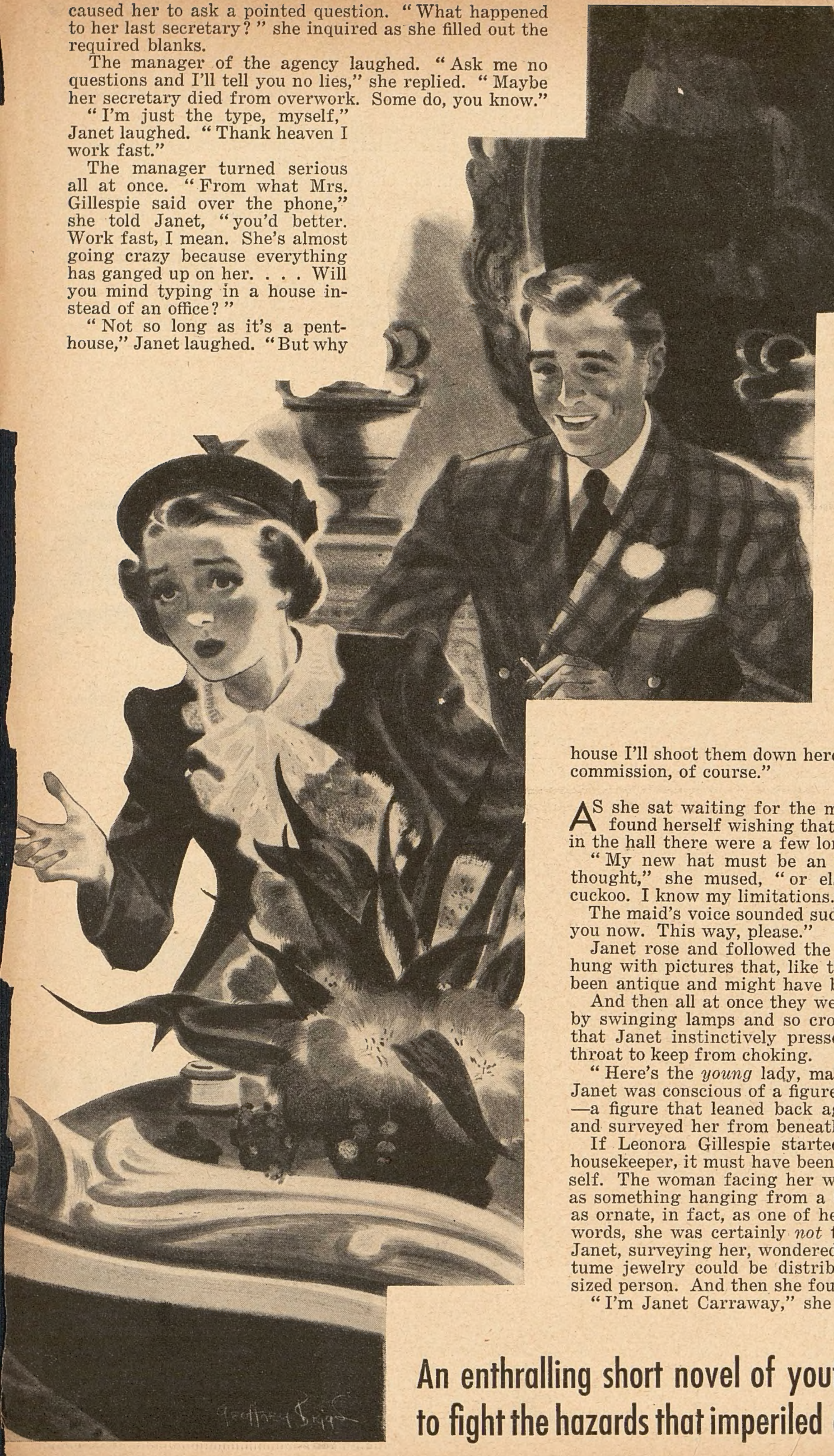
caused her to ask a pointed question. "What happened to her last secretary?" she inquired as she filled out the required blanks.

The manager of the agency laughed. "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies," she replied. "Maybe her secretary died from overwork. Some do, you know."

"I'm just the type, myself," Janet laughed. "Thank heaven I work fast."

The manager turned serious all at once. "From what Mrs. Gillespie said over the phone," she told Janet, "you'd better. Work fast, I mean. She's almost going crazy because everything has ganged up on her. . . . Will you mind typing in a house instead of an office?"

"Not so long as it's a penthouse," Janet laughed. "But why doesn't Mrs. Gillespie have an office down at her factory?"



ILLUSTRATED BY
GEOFFREY BIGGS

The manager smiled. Her serious moment had passed. "I think it's a gag, myself," said the manager. "Gillespie pulls a lot of applesauce about not being able to create things for the home in a factory environment."

"I see," said Janet. "Well, Miss Mack—" (Miss Mack was the manager's name)—"if I can pick up any tricky little doodads around the penthouse I'll shoot them down here to you. As part of your commission, of course."

As she sat waiting for the maid to come back, Janet found herself wishing that among the other gadgets in the hall there were a few long mirrors.

"My new hat must be an awful lot better than I thought," she mused, "or else that maid is a little cuckoo. I know my limitations."

The maid's voice sounded suddenly: "Madam will see you now. This way, please."

Janet rose and followed the woman down a long hall hung with pictures that, like the furniture, might have been antique and might have been early Grand Rapids.

And then all at once they were in a dim room lighted by swinging lamps and so crowded with this and that that Janet instinctively pressed her hand against her throat to keep from choking.

"Here's the *young* lady, ma'am," said the maid, and Janet was conscious of a figure seated upon a low divan—a figure that leaned back against a pile of cushions and surveyed her from beneath lowered white lids.

If Leonora Gillespie started life as a simple little housekeeper, it must have been long ago, Janet told herself. The woman facing her was as gilded and tinseled as something hanging from a Christmas tree. She was as ornate, in fact, as one of her own doodads. In other words, she was certainly *not* typical of the home nest. Janet, surveying her, wondered how so much heavy costume jewelry could be distributed over one moderate-sized person. And then she found her voice.

"I'm Janet Carraway," she said. "The agency sent

An enthralling short novel of youth strangely fated to fight the hazards that imperiled an office romance

me up. They said you needed help—a new secretary.”

Mrs. Gillespie made answer, and her voice was deep and throaty and full of rich organ tones. “I do need help,” she said, “but I asked the woman for somebody with *experience.*”

Janet replied, “I am experienced.”

Mrs. Gillespie reached for a gadgety matchbox, lit a match, and touched it to the tip of a cigarette.

“By experienced I meant middle-aged,” she said slowly. “The two qualities usually go together.”

Janet found herself faltering, much to her own annoyance.

“I'm not as young as I look,” she said nervously. “I've been earning my living for eight years.”

“Even so, I don't think you'll do.”

Janet felt her heart sinking into the trim brown depths of her carefully polished oxfords. She'd been out of work for quite a while, and she needed a new coat, and next week the rent of her little flat would be due.

“I wish you'd try me,” she said. “I—I take dictation very fast—”

Mrs. Gillespie looked at her from between the lowered white lids, and Janet found herself wondering, irrelevantly, if the woman's eyelashes were lacquered.

“MY work is a highly technical sort,” said Mrs. Gillespie. “Doodads, Incorporated, is an unusual organization and its employees must possess an unusual amount of gray matter.” She paused significantly before she added, “My last secretary was fifty-five.”

“I'll be fifty-five, myself, some day,” Janet said. But Mrs. Gillespie laughed. Despite the organ notes, her laughter was a trifle shrill.

“I suppose that's true,” she said; “but somehow I'm not interested—”

Janet felt like a boiling kettle that has been removed suddenly from all source of heat. She felt stifled and more than a little scared.

“I'm sorry, Mrs. Gillespie,” she faltered. “I want a job terribly.”

Mrs. Gillespie said, “Of course you would consider *yourself* exclusively in this—misunderstanding. I was very explicit in my instructions to the agency. I don't know why people are so stupid and careless—” She broke off suddenly and her voice lowered an octave. “Why, Paul,” she murmured, “I didn't dream that you were in the house.”

The young man who advanced into the overstuffed room didn't match the backdrop. That was Janet's first impression of him. He had the broad shoulders and the clear eyes of an athlete—the quick step of vigor and enthusiastic youth. But when he spoke, Janet realized that there was a kinship between him and the proprietor of Doodads, Inc. For his voice held the organ notes modified. In his case they were cello notes, Janet thought. She glanced at him appraisingly.

“I was out for a walk,” said the young man, “but it was cold and I came in sooner than I expected.” He smiled at Janet. “Is this the new secretary?”

Mrs. Gillespie said, “No.” Just that. “No.”

The young man's reply came quickly. “Oh, that's too bad,” he said. He turned to Janet. “My mother,” he told her, “works so hard that she requires only expert help. I'm sorry—”

Janet interrupted swiftly. “Oddly enough, I am an expert,” she told him. “I can type a hundred words a minute—at least. And nobody has ever found any fault with the way I take dictation—”

Paul laughed. “A hundred words,” he said. “That sounds stupendous to me!” He turned to the woman on the divan. “Mater, why won't she do?” he queried.

Mrs. Gillespie spoke languidly, but Janet could feel the sharp teeth of a steel trap beneath the languidness.

“I asked the agency to send a middle-aged woman,” she said. “Somebody dependable, like Miss Fellows—”

Paul said, “Oh, come now, mater! Miss Fellows was an awful pain in the neck. She always had a cold in the head and she ran out on you when you needed her. If I remember correctly, she left in a rage—”

“That,” said Mrs. Gillespie with a patient dignity, “is beyond the point. I've made my decision, Paul—and you mustn't try to alter it. I'm sure that this young lady would not give satisfaction.”

Janet broke in. “Oh, but I would!” she exclaimed. “I'd try so hard to give satisfaction!”

“I don't doubt,” said Mrs. Gillespie, “that you'd try hard, but—”

Paul Gillespie suddenly broke in: “But, mater, how about your radio script? You haven't written one word of it—”

The languid air fell from Mrs. Gillespie as if it were a garment that she zipped off in a mental strip tease. Suddenly Janet was aware of the force that had produced a colossal industry out of practically nothing.

“Great heavens!” said Mrs. Gillespie. “I'd forgotten about it. When am I due at the studio, Paul?”

Paul answered: “Tomorrow at two. And you're to talk for nearly half an hour. That would be—”

Mrs. Gillespie supplied, after a moment of calculation, “That would be at least five thousand words.” She turned briskly to Janet. “We'll get to work at once,” she said. “I'll ring for Ellen. She'll show you where you can leave your wraps.”

Janet said cautiously, “Then I'm hired?”

“Not hired,” Mrs. Gillespie told her; “but I will use you for a few days until I can find some one—some one more *suitable*—to take your place.”

Janet wanted desperately to say that she needed regular employment—that she wasn't interested in a few days' odd work—but before she could get the words out Paul interposed, speaking smoothly.

“Don't bother to ring for Ellen, mater,” he said. “I'll take Miss—” He hesitated and Janet supplied, “Carraway.”

Paul said pleasantly, “Carraway? It's a nice name.” He added to his mother, “I'll take Miss Carraway to your office, and on the way I'll show her where to put her things. Come along, Miss Carraway.”

In something of a daze, Janet found that she was following the young man from the dim, too opulent room. When they had gained the outer hall, he spoke. His voice was so low that Janet felt like a heavy conspirator.

“My mother's bark,” he said, “is much worse than her bite, Miss Carraway. I'm sure you'll last here, if you want to.”

Janet said, “Oh, I want to, all right.” She added for no apparent reason, “Thanks.”

JANET had never worked under such high pressure as she did that first morning in Mrs. Gillespie's crowded overheated office. For this room was also dim and doodaddy—with long curtains that fell to the floor and completely shrouded the wide windows.

“There must be a view outside of those curtains,” Janet told herself during one of the brief moments when Mrs. Gillespie paused for breath.

As if reading her thoughts, Mrs. Gillespie spoke.

“I don't like distance or height or a glare,” she said. “That's why I have such thick draperies. Did you get that last sentence, Miss Carraway?”

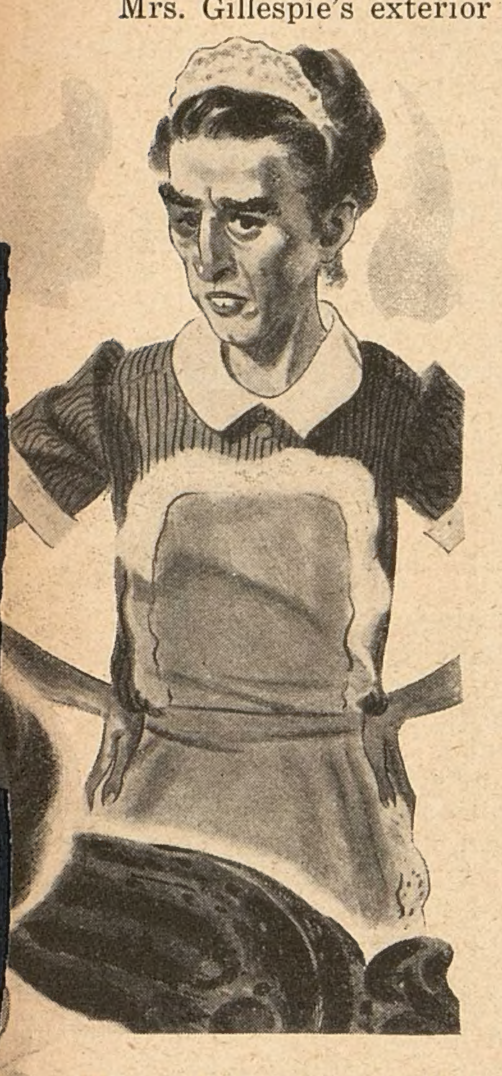
Janet said, “Yes, I did.”

Mrs. Gillespie queried, "Do you think my climax is sufficiently arresting?"

Janet told her carefully, "I think this speech will go over beautifully. . . . You must have a superb radio voice."

For the first time, Mrs. Gillespie smiled at Janet. "I *have* a superb radio voice," she said. "Type the speech roughly, Miss Carraway. When you've completed the first draft I'll go over it and add the little intimate touches that people expect from me. While you're working on it I'll have luncheon with my son. My secretaries always eat in the house," she added. "Ellen will bring you a tray."

Janet said, "How nice!" and watched her temporary employer sweep from the room, then settled down to type the rough draft of the radio speech.



The maid's voice sounded. "Madam will see you now."

It was a good speech—there was no doubt of that. Mrs. Gillespie's exterior might be fussy, but her mind was free of frills. She said what she had to say, and she said it well. Janet, typing busily on an ivory-colored machine, realized that the speech would sell a million doodads to a million waiting females.

There was a knock on the door and it was pushed open. It was Ellen, the elderly maid, carrying a tray.

"Here's your lunch," she muttered. "Well, the older I get, the more I believe in miracles."

Janet said, "Listen here, Ellen. What's it all about, anyway?"

Ellen asked cautiously, "What's what all about?"

Janet explained: "When I came in you said I wouldn't get the job because I was too young and—attractive. I thought you were having a little good clean fun at my expense; but Mrs. Gillespie felt the same way."

"Sure she did," said Ellen. She set down the tray in front of Janet. "Chicken à la king," she said, "and hot biscuits and a salad."

"Are you going to give me the low-down, Ellen, or are you?" Janet persisted. "Why does Mrs. Gillespie like secretaries that are old and have runny noses?"

"It's because of Mr. Paul," Ellen told her. "The madam don't hanker for no competition from her help." She chuckled dryly. "I'm the youngest second maid they've had in ten years, and I'm crowding sixty."

Janet was puzzled. "I don't get you, Ellen," she said. "About competition from her help, I mean. After all, Paul is Mrs. Gillespie's *son*—"

"He's more'n that," said Ellen. "He's the master of ceremonies and he's his mama's gigolo and he's a white woolly lamb with a bell tied around his neck. If he so much as looks at a pair of pretty ankles the bell rings out and his mama comes running. . . . I don't cotton much to Mr. Paul. He ain't got any guts."

Janet said, "I wouldn't know about that. I thought he was charming."

Ellen said, "A word to the wise, young lady. If you want to hold this job, keep it to yourself that you think Mr. Paul is charming. . . . Eat your chicken—I'll come back for the tray in about fifteen minutes." She stalked out and the door closed behind her.

Janet, eating the chicken à la king, digested Ellen's sage speech with the cream gravy.

"I've heard about these mother complexes," she ruminated. . . . "So she keeps her son tied to her apron strings, eh? Sometime Paul will cut loose and get married, and then Mrs. Gillespie will be a grandmother before she knows it." The thought of Leonora Gillespie as a grandmother made Janet choke over her salad.

The luncheon didn't take long. When she had finished, Janet rose from her chair and walked over to the window and pulled one of the heavy curtains aside. She gasped at the sheer magnificence of the vista that stood out before her—and for the first time realized what the comparatively new word, penthouse, stood for.

The Gillespie apartment was like an eagle's eyrie set high above the city. All about Janet the jagged sky line of New York made a pattern of mystery and madness. The Chrysler Building, with its silvered spire, sent her a flashing invitation. The Empire State and Radio City peered at her.

Janet murmured, "Good heavens!" and wondered how anybody surrounded by such majesty could live in the semidarkness of thickly curtained rooms. And then she told herself, with a sudden burst of insight, that perhaps the heavy draperies typified the president of Doodads, Inc. "She wants to *own* the views," thought Janet, "but she's darned if she'll look at them."

WHEN she had been two days on her job Janet had learned that if she meant to become the permanent secretary of Mrs. Leonora Gillespie she would work harder than she had ever worked before in her whole life. She had learned that she must flatter Mrs. Gillespie constantly and tirelessly. And—most important of all—she had learned that she must act as if Paul Gillespie, the son of her employer, were just another piece of furniture. When he offered to help her with her coat she must say, "No, thank you," and struggle into it by herself. When he came into the room on one of any number of errands, she must look away from him and act bored and tap her pencil against the edge of her desk.

The third day, when Ellen brought in her luncheon tray, the elderly maid cast her an admiring glance.

"You got more sense than I'd give you credit for," Ellen observed.

"I've got more sense than anybody gives me credit for," Janet answered. "So what?"

Ellen chuckled. She almost always prefaced a sentence with a dry chuckle. "They were talking about you at supper last night," said Ellen. "The madam was saying that you had possibilities. Mr. Paul said he thought you were stand-offish and why in time didn't you like him? The madam said it didn't matter whether you liked him or not as long as you managed not to split infinitives. What," queried Ellen, "is an infinitive?"

Janet said vaguely, "Oh, it's just one of those things. So you think I'm getting on, do you?"

"Yep," said Ellen, "you are. You work fast and you don't waste time and you ain't a flirt."

"I see," murmured Janet.

When Ellen stalked out of the room, she left Janet with more than a crowded luncheon tray. She left her with a warm sense of security.

"I should have gone into the diplomatic service," she told herself brazenly. "I'm wasted as a private secretary. I wonder what Paul thinks of me, really?"

Two days, three days—a week went by. At the end of the week Janet asked, "Have you found somebody more satisfactory than myself?" and Mrs. Gillespie replied, "Not yet. I haven't had time to look around."

As Janet's second week rushed to its conclusion, she was beginning to seek elaborate ways of avoiding Paul. But she discovered that she was oddly conscious of a little wave which he tried to slick out of his hair, and of the pungent tobacco that he used.

In the third week, when Mrs. Gillespie was attending a board meeting somewhere or other and Janet was doing a bit of belated filing, her elaborate and ostentatious precautions met with disaster. For Paul Gillespie walked into the office and seated himself on the corner of his mother's desk and asked, "Got a minute to spare Miss Carraway?"

Janet said coldly, "No; I'm very busy. Your mother will be wild if I don't have the filing done by the time she gets back."

"I'll be wild," Paul told her, "if I don't have five minutes of uninterrupted conversation with you."

"So?" queried Janet. She left the filing cabinet and went over to stand beside the window. She jerked back the curtain and said, "You don't get much use out of your terrace, do you?"

"No," said Paul, "we don't—and every once in a while the moonlight is terrific. It's a darn shame." He hesitated, and then, "Why don't you like me?" he asked boyishly.

Janet murmured, "It's not part of my job to like you." She smiled suddenly, and Paul was conscious for the first time that she had a dimple in the corner of her mouth. "In fact, it's part of my job *not to like you.*"

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

had an editorial job at sixteen, then went abroad as a war correspondent. Returning, she took up editorial work again, but finally decided to spend all her time writing stories, novels, articles, and verse. She is married. Likes cats and detective stories, and thinks New York is a grand place to live.

"That's a funny crack," said Paul. "Here I am, hanging around the door day in and day out, and you never even give me a kind glance."

All at once Janet found that she was very angry. She couldn't quite explain why, even to herself.

"That's what's wrong with you," she said. "One of the things, I mean."

Paul's voice had lost its note of gaiety.

"I don't follow you," he said.

Janet queried, "Don't you? . . . Well, I dislike people who hang around—and I like people who work. I work, and Ellen works, and your mother works like a dog. But you don't do a darned thing!"

"The dickens I don't!" exclaimed Paul angrily. "I'm at it every minute."

"You're at *what* every minute?" asked Janet.

Paul said, "My mother keeps me on the go constantly. I'm the head of the family and I'm her confidential—"

"Were you going to say adviser?" interrupted Janet.

"Not exactly," said Paul. "I was going to say that I'm her host and her escort. You see, my father died when I was very young. He was an architect," he added. "So am I, for that matter."

Janet said, "An architect, eh? That's very amusing. Have you ever designed any buildings?"

Paul said, "I designed this penthouse."

Janet laughed. "Well, well! And after completing your masterpiece you gave up designing as a bad job."

"As a matter of fact, I design most of mother's doodads," Paul told her. Suddenly he began to laugh, too, but his laughter was devoid of mirth. "I don't blame you for thinking I'm a sap," he said; and he said it so charmingly that Janet felt her defenses going down.

"I don't think you're a sap," she heard herself saying, "but I do think it's a darn shame. Wasting you, I mean. You've got the makings of something splendid, if you'd try to justify your existence."

Paul didn't speak for a moment, and then he said slowly: "I wonder what you'd think of me, Miss Carraway, if I did justify my existence?"

Janet walked away from the window. She didn't make answer until she was safely in front of her filing cabinet. Then she said, "Why don't you try to justify the old existence, and see what I think of you, Mr. Gillespie?"

THAT evening, when Janet was home getting supper in her one-room-and-kitchenette-behind-the-door apartment, she scolded herself severely for letting down the bars with Paul Gillespie.

"Everything's been going swell," she mourned. "And then I have to go and get kittenish with the boss' son. I'd better watch my step from now on."

She sighed and put a couple of eggs on to boil.

And yet, the next day, when Mrs. Gillespie was having her late-afternoon massage, Paul slipped into the office and laid a sheaf of blue paper on Janet's desk.

"Take this home with you and look it over," he told her in his conspirator-like whisper, and Janet found herself concealing the paper hastily for fear Mrs. Gillespie would drift in, swishing her velvet train, and recognize something illicit.

Later, when she was safely ensconced in her own flat, she saw that Paul had designed a neat little bungalow and that the blue papers comprised the plans of it. There was a note attached to the first sheet.

"This is the sort of house you'd enjoy living in, I think," Paul had written. And Janet—studying the arrangement of rooms—knew that he was right. The cottage was a dream of efficiency and delight, and Janet was surprised to see that it was completely free of gingerbread. She complimented Paul the next day, when he drifted into the office. His mother was out of the running for an hour or so, having her hair touched up.

"I should think you'd find a big market for bungalows like this," she told him. "Young married couples would eat them up."

"If you were the better half of a young married couple, would you eat it up—*Janet?*" Paul asked. He used her first name so casually that Janet didn't realize the fact, but she found herself blushing as she said, "Yes."

"I could design a house like this every day," Paul told her. "Two or three of them if I had to—"

Janet said, "That's the trouble with you, Paul." Much to her own surprise, she heard herself using *his* first name. "You don't have to. Your mother gives you everything you want, with a rope tied around it."

Paul was looking at her strangely. "My mother doesn't give me *everything* I want," he muttered finally. "You ought to realize *that,* Janet."

Janet wanted to be coy but somehow she couldn't. Looking at Paul across the sheaf of blueprints, she was aware that she liked him very much indeed.

"This has got to stop," she said abruptly.

"Why?" queried Paul.

Janet said, "You've always been sheltered and protected, Paul. You've just admitted that your mother has given you everything in the world. Well, I'm on the other side of the fence—I'm an orphan and I have to depend on what I make. . . . If you keep dropping into this office I'll lose my job."

"If you lost your job," said Paul—and he spoke rather huskily—"I could take care of you, Janet."

Janet laughed—and she didn't feel like laughing, either. "Is this the second act of East Lynne, Paul?" she wanted to know. "Or are you proposing marriage?"

"It isn't the second act of East Lynne," Paul said.

Janet reached for her notebook and began making meaningless little curlicues on a blank page. She said without looking up: "Don't be scared—I'm not making a record of what you say."

"You're nervous, aren't you?" Paul asked.

"And how!" breathed Janet. After a moment she went on: "I've only worked here for three weeks. We don't know each other, Paul. We've only talked together a couple of times for not longer than five minutes apiece. We haven't passed each other in the hall more than a dozen—"

Paul interrupted. "I knew how it was going to be the moment I saw you," he told her. "I've known it increasingly every time I've passed you in the hall." His voice shook. "If your elbow happened to touch mine in passing, it was more important than anybody else's kiss would have been. . . . Oh, Janet, if you cared for me your work could go hang. I could get a job and support you—"

"You could get *what?*" queried his mother from the doorway. . . .

They hadn't heard her come in, either of them. They had been too absorbed in each other. Janet laid her jittery pencil beside the sheaf of blueprints and looked up into the blazing eyes of Mrs. Leonora Gillespie, president of Doodads, Inc.

Will Paul's avowal of love cost Janet her job? Or will he be able to make his jealous mother accept the new situation? Next week's dramatic installment brings new surprises, new bliss—and new troubles—to the charming and gallant heroine of this modern Manhattan romance.

Herbert Hoover Tells WHAT AMERICA MUST DO NEXT

BY WILL IRWIN

READING TIME
17 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Exclusive! In a remarkable interview, the ex-President speaks challengingly to every liberal with common sense

WHEN I entered Herbert Hoover's room in the hotel which he makes his headquarters in New York, I found him at a small desk in the corner, grinding out his speech for the Benjamin Franklin celebration in Philadelphia. He looked up, grinned his greeting, waved the hand that held the lead pencil and went on writing. Literary composition comes hard with him, as with us all. As usual, he twirled a lock of his front hair, clenched his feet round the legs of his chair, and when he broke the lead of his pencil, cast away the offending tool as though it had done him wrong.

I had not seen him for some months; and in forty-four years of acquaintance, this was the first time I had ever approached him with an engagement for a full-dress interview. I tried to look at him with new eyes, but the various Hoovers I had known kept breaking in like a succession of materialized spirits.

First appeared Bert Hoover, the student at early-day Stanford—worked to the leanness of a greyhound what with making his living, running the student body, and winning honors in geology, but always game for a student prank. Then came H. Hoover, the young engineer with whom I held reunions now and then in California, New York, and foreign ports—a friendly, brisk, decisive young man, spilling dazzling stories about strange corners of the earth, full of wide projects in engineering, yet looking forward with longing to the day when he could come home for good and wrap America round himself like a blanket. Next, Hoover the Reliever of war days—his figure, face, and manner still so young that when I saw him encounter and outreason the War Offices both of Britain and Germany, he seemed like an office boy sassing the boss. Hoover of the Peace Conference—the "weary Titan." Hoover in the Department of Commerce, happily driving away at a hundred projects, from better homes to better standards of manufacturing—a flash, here, of him standing on a shaky levee directing the relief workers of the Mississippi flood. Hoover the brutally overworked and overburdened President, fighting a world depression that was none of his making but loaded nevertheless with the onus of it; defeated for re-election, yet coming through it all without bitterness and without losing either his sense of humor or that boyishness which he still keeps for his friends.

Last entity—but there it sat in the flesh, the serene Hoover of the rebound. He was wearing a coat of new sunburn over his permanent tan. I concluded that he had been running over the West in his roadster again, vagabonding after his fashion—which means a series of offhand interviews, often in overnight stops at automobile camps, with the people of the United States. The powerful shoulders that he acquired in youth from his labors on farms and in mines still bulged his shirt. His eyes were clear; he seemed to be in the pink of condition.

I was as primed with questions as the administration pump with dollars. But when at last he pushed the disordered sheets aside, he started to interview me. Where had I been wandering since last we met? The South? How were they doing and how did they feel about things down there?

"I've got to be severe with you, chief," I said. "My opinions and observations, while simply dazzling to me, can wait. I'm the one that is doing this interview."

HE picked a pipe from the mantelpiece, crossed over to a padded chair and dropped into it. When he works he works like a dynamo, and when he rests he relaxes completely. He leaned back, let go one of his low, agreeable chuckles, and then looked up smiling.

"Fire away, Bill," he said. "Let's see your stuff!"

"Very well," I said. "Let's begin with a hard one. What's most needed in this country today?"

"That one is easy! Our first job is to get twelve or fourteen million unemployed men and women out of misery and back to work—and at productive jobs in industry, not sad, underpaid, fruitless WPA jobs. They must be jobs that are paid at the rate of private enterprise and not at the rates of relief. Every sensible person should agree to that. Ask me another."

"Next," I said, "the New Deal. It promised us eternal relief from all depressions or recessions. And here we are again scraping the bottom. Why?"

"It isn't a recession. It's a repression. The normal energies, the confidence, the faith in the future, the moral courage of the American people have been mauled and stifled. There's nothing fundamentally wrong with the United States. It has all its resources, all its equipment, all its genius in business, all its skilled workmen and skilled farmers.

"At least theoretically it's still a country of private enterprises. But private enterprise will function to give jobs only in an atmosphere of reasonable optimism and confidence. You remember that Kipling title, Rewards and Fairies? Business lives—we all live—on rewards and fairies. We become demoralized as soon as some one locks up the rewards and poisons the fairies. You remember that one about 'We have nothing to fear but fear.' You might paraphrase it a little—'We have nothing to feed upon but fear.'"

"And the cause—of this fear, I mean."

"If we could see into the hearts of millions of American people you'd find that they're afraid of something the government has done or may do. Different people and groups, of course, have different reasons for fear.

"There are the attacks on the independence of the Supreme Court. There are the government policies as to money and credit, which make a venture in business or even an investment a bad bet on what Washington will do next. There are artificial prices, and jobs that people know can't last. There is the idea you have more if you produce less. The average citizen knows that such a proposition doesn't make sense. There are taxes which run beyond the point where enterprise is worth while. There is the bulldozing of New Deal speeches, which don't scare the wicked and which take the heart out of the upright. There are the dictation, threats, and unfair practices of government boards. There are the thousands of prowlers and their questionnaires which violate the old principle that a man's house is his castle. There is the corruption of elections by subtle coercion of the voter on relief and of farmers, which creates fear for democracy itself. There is the systematic stirring of strife between trade-unions and between workers and employers, which demoralizes all production."

"That question's answered," I said.

"Not yet. I was only started! Look at the losses of workers, employers, and consumers in strikes and lockouts. They average about twenty million man days a year for the present administration and seven million man days a year for our administration. Add in the sit-down strike, and haven't we cause for fear?

"There is the intimidation of the farmers. There is the government interference in prices of commodities. This throws calculations of many industries completely out of joint. There are the increasing hidden taxes, which take away the buying power of workers and farmers."

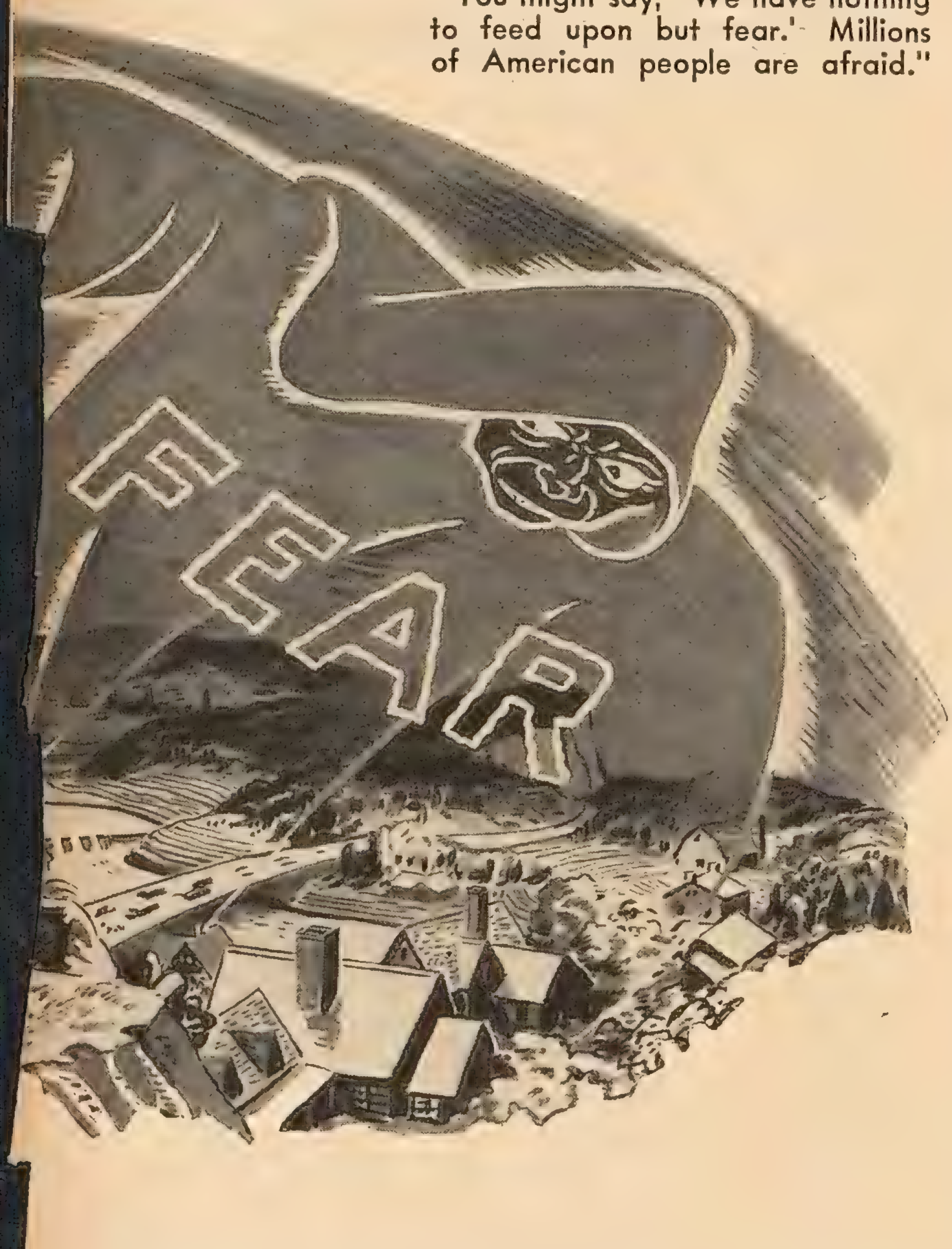
Hoover rose, crossed the room, scraped out his pipe, filled it again from a twenty-cent can of tobacco, lit it, and slumped down in his chair. He has a curious habit of jingling small coins while he is thinking hard, and he was doing this now.

"And government competition with business?" I suggested.

"Oh, certainly. One of the most substantial fears of all. When private enterprise loses money it can't make up its deficit by sending the bill to the Treasury. The government can. And the government can hide its losses. Who wants to invest in an industry with the government as a competitor?

"Let's lump off some of the rest—the decadence of morals in public affairs, local corruption and futility in the administration of relief, cumbersome centralization, tendencies in the administration toward the European insanities of Fascism and Socialism.

"You might say, 'We have nothing to feed upon but fear.' Millions of American people are afraid."



"Don't forget the debts and deficits caused by reckless spending and futile pump-priming. Every citizen knows in the bottom of his heart that if this continues to mount up, the government must in the end either impose more taxes, go bankrupt, or inflate the currency.

"Finally comes a new program on the same old lines—more debts, more deficits, more credit inflation, more pump-priming, more election priming. And this has scared still more people.

"It is little wonder that the country is jittery. Not every one of these frills and follies touches each of us. Of course, most men notice only the things that hit them directly. But some of them touch all of us with the wands of discouragement or disillusionment. And they work together to raise up either short-time or long-time fear and destroy confidence. Don't think it's only big business that's afraid. Little business is still more jittery—not to mention the consumer."

"Yes," I said, arraying myself mentally in this last category. "I've decided against that new summer suit."

"Because you can drag along without it! That's true of about forty per cent of the goods that Americans use. Purchase can be postponed—a new pair of shoes for three months on an average, a suit for six months, a house for five years or forever, an automobile for from three to five years.

"When a man begins to fear the future, he puts off buying something, and instantly somebody somewhere has lost a job making shoes or automobiles or clothing or houses. Those out of jobs have to postpone purchases even of necessities. And the fellow who has work, seeing somebody else lose his job, hesitates to buy something for fear that he too may be laid off. And so we spin into a downward spiral."

"The reverse of the psychology of prosperity. When we all believe in good times, we have them," I remarked.

"It isn't quite so simple as all that. But these psychological factors play a big part in both prosperity and depression.

"Whatever may be the deficiencies of big business, the American people are not postponing the buying of goods because of any action on its part. Big business and little business alike want to make money. They don't deliberately plunge themselves into bankruptcy out of spite. I will guarantee that if anybody gives an order for goods to any large corporation tomorrow, it will execute it promptly—and with heartfelt thanks.

UNTIL we restore faith in their own future to millions of men and women we can't have genuine recovery. Of course, the government can—and probably will—stir up temporary business activity by inflationary shots in the arm. Also we should have some upward repercussion from this collapse. No doubt this will be hailed as the real thing. But actual recovery and permanent jobs can't be created in this way."

"Well, what's the remedy?"

"You and I had a great teacher once." (He meant, of course, David Starr Jordan.) "One of his favorite remarks was: 'Wisdom consists not so much in knowing what to do in the long run as in what to do next.' The wise thing for us to do is also the next thing. That is to stop the excesses of the New Deal by electing, on November 8 next, a Congress with an effective opposition.

"We shall have no restoration of real confidence and faith until our people know that the government has changed its direction. It must get off from the dangerous road that it is traveling. That, of course, is only a beginning.

"There are a lot of reforms and emancipations which the people still need. But when a car is running amuck and scaring everybody on the road, the first thing to do is to stop it. Even if the administration should declare that it intends to change its policies, its word would no longer carry conviction. If we are to get permanent recovery the country must see such positive action as will satisfy the people at large that we have turned up the right road. The first necessity is a change in the Congress. Change is healthy in a democracy, anyhow.

"About one hundred and twenty-five Republicans and Democrats in the present House and thirty-five in the Senate have stood out against the wilder proposals of the present administration. We need seventy-five to one hundred more opponents to these destructive policies in the House and ten to fifteen in the Senate."

Mr. Hoover rose, began to pace the room. Then he turned full face to me and, for one who usually speaks so quietly, his next words were almost a shout. "Bill," he said, "end unemployment—get men back to work! That's the only issue now." His voice fell back to its even tone. "I'm not talking partisanship. The issue is too big for that. I'm talking about the future of America." Sometimes when Hoover says the word "America," it sends the thrills running down the backbone. I used to hear him say it in that tone now and then during his years of half exile, when he talked of returning home for keeps.

"Fortunately, we have few districts or states where there is any possibility of three-cornered fights between Republicans, New Dealers, and independent Democrats.

We can—we should—plan things so as to put up a solid front against the New Deal candidate in every district. If on November 8 we elect a majority of men who are of independent mind, whatever their party, we shall restore confidence and faith almost instantly—and genuine reemployment will begin at once.

"Every democratic student of government must admit that one misfortune of our times has been the lack of substantial and effective opposition in Congress. Without real deliberation, honest debate, and check upon ill-considered action, Congress becomes a Charlie McCarthy.

"At the present time the government has enormously inflated credit, with the idea that it will stimulate employment. But men do not lend and men do not borrow unless they believe in the future. If faith in the future can be restored on November 8, this policy will stand a better chance.

"But transcendent over everything else is the necessity to get these twelve or fourteen million people back to jobs where they can live decently. I keep coming back to that, don't I? No country is safe politically or socially—or even morally—so long as such proportion of its people are out of jobs."

HE seemed to run down. There were several minutes of silence, while he appeared to go into himself. One accustomed to Hoover takes these silences in their stride and uses them to catch up on his own thinking. Then he looked up, grinned, and said:

"Next!"

"Going on the back track for a minute—what about the welfare legislation of the New Deal? Do you think that it has helped to put us into our state of jitters?"

"I do not. Not in itself, I mean. We have been enacting such measures for fifty years. Relief of unemployment, old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, better housing, better public health are all services that this country can carry. Properly founded, properly managed, they would not kill confidence. But a waste of half the relief money is of no help to the unemployed, and it does increase our fears. When an administration extracts from the workers what is really an income tax for old-age pensions, and uses the receipts not for proper reserves but for wasteful expenditure or to cover up a deficit—there you are again. Furthermore, it imposes hardship on the workers.

"That particular system should be placed on a pay-as-you-go basis. Allow the workers to keep those large sums not immediately necessary to support the system, and spend them themselves on their own living. That's another thing which would help to start us going."

At this point some one stuck his head through the doorway and mentioned that there was an important long-distance call on the phone in the next room. When Hoover came back, he asked:

"Well, Mr. Interviewer, what next can I say to enlighten your millions of readers?"

"You might repeat some remarks which I heard from an ex-President at dinner the other night regarding the use and abuse of the word 'liberal'—and all this left and right stuff in general," I said.

"Oh—that! The person in question was remarking that the New Dealers call themselves liberals—and every one else reactionaries and Tories. The Republicans and independent Democrats believe themselves liberals and call everybody else a radical. Even Norman Thomas and his Socialists and Stalin and his Communists say they're liberals. Only Mussolini and Hitler seem to be off the reservation. It's all very confusing.

"I have always entertained the notion that the word liberal was derived from the word liberty. I've been holding to the idea that the liberal believed in the greatest amount of liberty consistent with order, justice, and common decency, to the end that we may release and guide aright the creative energies of man. Let's accept that as a definition, anyway. And if we were to pass the acts of the New Deal across the honest spectrum from reaction to radicalism, we'd find them about one sixth radical, one sixth liberal, one third reactionary, and one third fantastic.

"For instance, the first tenet of liberalism is—obviously—free speech, free press, free worship, and free assembly. Measured by this test, what do you think of Mayor Hague of Jersey City as a pillar in a liberal administration? Do you think Senator Minton and his allies, trying to intimidate the American press, are real liberals? Do you think the pressures from the New Deal which muffle radio commentators are liberal measures? Do you think the attempt of the Labor Board to suppress newspaper criticism is liberalism? And free speech can also be killed by destroying faith in truth from responsible quarters. Do you think that a government which has engaged a thousand paid publicity agents to spread half-truths is upholding free speech? Combining prosecutor, jury, judge, and lawmaker in the Labor Board—does that square with any honest definition of liberalism?

"Trying to widen the scope of bureaucracy and to concentrate power—that's another piece of fake liberalism. You cannot extend mastery of government over the lives of the people without trying to control their thinking. True liberalism believes in using bureaucracy not as a master but as a servant. It holds, finally, that we can't sacrifice economic freedom if we are to preserve political freedom.

"Obviously we can have no liberty unless we give protection to liberty. Racketeers, gangsters, exploiters, monopolists, sweatshop operators, those who deny to labor the right of collective bargaining—yes, and unrestrained bureaucrats—all limit the liberty of others.

"Building a gigantic political machine out of political appointees and relief and concealed subsidies—somehow that doesn't match up with my ideas of liberalism. We've been hearing that the political managers of the administration expect to use the relief vote to defeat those independent Democrats who have refused to accept dictation from the President. Some people are saying that we can't elect an independent Congress on November 8 for that very reason. I don't believe it. I don't believe that any one can buy Americans in bulk with their own money—or anybody else's money."

Hoover put down his pipe on a small taboret beside his armchair, rose, and went over to the desk again. When he was seated, he swung around to face me. I took this for a sign that he wanted to go to work, and I inserted hurriedly a final question.

"What about the bull side?" I said.

Hoover grinned. "Have I sounded too much like an Old Testament prophet? I told you, didn't I, that conditions were fundamentally sound. I meant that. And any number of personal experiences I've had recently convince me that public opinion is taking a turn for the better. About a month ago I made a speech on morals in government to a great audience—if you include the radio. Since I began speechmaking, I have never seen such a response.

"Perhaps I've talked too much about fear. That emotion was put into us for our preservation. When you see a car coming at you, it's fear that makes you jump and save your life. Some of the bravest soldiers I know have admitted to me that they go into battle scared speechless. Courage consists not in being unafraid but in overcoming fear. There's honesty and courage, enough and to spare, in our people."

BUT here a secretary who had been standing for some minutes in the doorway, waiting for a break, interrupted to say that five men with appointments were growing impatient. I was at the door myself when he called me back.

"Bill, get this straight. The Congressional election of 1938 is probably—I might even say surely—the most important since 1860. It will decide the question of jobs or unemployment, want or plenty, for millions of men and women. It may decide the fate of America for at least a generation."

At the door, I interviewed the secretary.

"Is the outer office always as full as this?" I asked.

"Oh, this is one of the off days," he replied. "You should see what's on for tomorrow!" Then he laughed as he added:

"And the chief thinks he is loafing nowadays!"

THE END

Why Mrs. McLean Believes the Lindbergh Case Remains Unsolved!

MRS. EVALYN WALSH McLEAN

Why She Paid $100,000 Ransom

To what strange rendezvous did Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean go in secret to deal with the supposed kidnapers of the Lindbergh baby? What happened at this meeting when she was supposed to receive the stolen " Eaglet " alive for return to Colonel Lindbergh? At last you can go with Mrs. McLean through those dangerous weeks during which Gaston B. Means, with $100,000 of her money, was conducting ransom negotiations with the gang he claimed was holding the baby. Was he lying, after all? If so, how was he able, in a conversation that perfectly dovetailed with events as they later developed, to forecast the entrance into the case not only of Dr. John F. " Jafsie " Condon but also of the Norfolk boatbuilder, John Hughes Curtis?

Mrs. McLean dashed from one secret rendezvous to another as the kidnapers sent word that they were ready to return the child. Through terrifying nights of soul-racking horror she waited for Means to make good on his bargain to bring the little captive alive to her. Read her heretofore untold revelations of her brave and dramatic search.

In those frantic hours Evalyn Walsh McLean lived an eternity—hidden from her friends, out of touch with her own children, isolated from her lawyers—and in those hours she learned things about this tragic kidnaping that convinced her Hauptmann's execution did not solve the mystery.

You will learn all that took place behind the scenes and—most important of all—why she is still intent on finding that solution. You will not want to miss a word of the amazing story which she tells at last, beginning

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Romance COMES TO SAMMY GLICK

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

LEANING against a lamppost outside the theater, Sammy Glick could hear them. The preview had been over for three minutes. They were still clapping. He had done it again.

His pal, Tony Kreuger, came over. Tony was an agent, his clothes were made in England, and he sent his sainted mother two hundred bucks a week. He spent the rest on girls and night clubs. He had a great talent for showing Sammy a good time. Sammy wasn't exactly backward, but he never had time to learn how to talk to women; he took them as they came. He had enough to do just getting ahead.

"Well, kid," Tony said, "it's a sweetheart!"

"You're telling me!" Sammy said. "I clocked a hundred and sixteen laughs."

"Some of the World Wide's other pictures could have used a few of them," Tony said. "Outside of your three, the program stank up the studio."

Sammy watched the people as they squeezed out into the lobby. The stars of the picture cut their way through to him, leaving desperate autograph hunters rocking in their wake.

"You were O. K.," Sammy told the stars.

They smiled. They were modest and gracious. They told him it was a pleasure to work with him.

"O. K.," Sammy said. "So next time don't try to tell me you don't like the part."

He grinned after them. "When they go soft on you—that's the time to sock it home!" he confided to Tony.

Out of the crowd came a middle-aged man. He wore his clothes like a man who had been successful a long time. He was one of those tall aristocratic men just beginning to lose the glow of handsomeness.

"Well, my boy," he said, "I'm afraid you've done it again."

Sammy shook his hand seriously. "Thanks, Mr. Boyce," he said. "Let's hope so."

He had learned how to be polite to his superiors now. He still called the studio production chief Mr. Boyce. He called him Grandma behind his back.

They stood talking cutting and last-minute story points. Sammy said, "Let's look at it again in the morning."

Boyce walked on toward his big black limousine. "The corpse is going back to his hearse," Sammy cracked to Tony. "Where do we go from here?" he asked.

"Swing Club," Tony said.

"Who've you got?" Sammy wanted to know.

"Same old Peggy," Tony said.

"Don't you ever get tired of it?" Sammy asked. "That's all she's good for."

"That's just the point," Tony agreed. "She's nothing but a tumblebug and she knows it. At least, she never bothers me about auditions and screen tests, like those other dames."

Sammy said, "What did you get for me?"

"Something new," Tony said. "Sally Ann Joyce."

"Is she O. K.?" Sammy asked.

"Until the real thing comes along," Tony sang. "Blonde. Cute kid."

It was like any other evening. When it was all over, Sammy's girl kissed him at the door. "So long, baby," he said, patting her. "You were swell."

"Thanks," Sally Ann said. "A good time was had by all. We'll have to do a repeat."

"You're the boss," Sammy said.

"Sure," she said. "And I know you—you're the cute little blonde who wants a screen test."

Sammy grinned. She was a good kid, at that.

Sammy was right on time for his appointment with Boyce. They met in the projection room and they looked at the first reel of the picture.

"You're right about the opening," Boyce said.

"I'm glad you see it my way, Mr. Boyce," Sammy said.

Walking back to their offices, Boyce said to Sammy, "Will you drop down to my office for a few minutes?"

The office was spacious, though it wasn't exactly Sammy's idea of the real place for a big shot.

"I won't beat around the bush," Boyce said.

And he told Sammy the whole thing. Boyce's pictures had been falling off. There was something in the wind about the bankers that had got control of World Wide coming out to choose a new production chief. They wanted to know why the only three real money-makers on the program had been Sammy Glick's.

Boyce paused. He couldn't tell anybody he knew Sammy's record was a thousand per cent because he had managed to slip his name off every picture that was going sour.

"Money talks," Boyce said. "The right word from you may do the trick. And if I'm back in harness again, you'll handle the five biggest properties on next year's program."

Sammy's expression didn't change. "You're in, Geoffrey," he said. "Let them come to me. I'll give them an earful. And it will

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

come from right here." He tapped his heart dramatically.

Sammy had been just barely listening. When Sammy first came to World Wide, he was a smart kid and Geoffrey Boyce was a dignified genius. He had made up his mind to be Boyce's assistant if it killed him. Now in ten unexpected minutes he had wriggled up out of his respect for Boyce, leaving it to blow away like a snake's skin.

But then, as Boyce went on speaking in that quiet, cultivated way, Sammy remembered that there was a difference. There was a reason why Boyce had never invited him to his home socially; there was a reason why Boyce's friends were brokers and horsewomen and civic leaders while Sammy trucked to swing music with Tony and the Peggys and the always Sally Anns. But this was a new world into which Sammy couldn't run. He would have to crawl.

"You're giving a party for those bankers, aren't you?"

"I suppose I have to," Boyce said.

"Then get a load of this," Sammy said. "Why let the bankers search me out? Why not have me right there, smacking them in the face, showing them you and I are like this?"

"Of course," Boyce said. "Thanks, Sammy."

"Forget it," Sammy said. "I should thank you."

When Sammy returned to his office, his secretary showed him a clipping from the morning edition of the evening paper. *Is Sammy Glick's heart Suzy-Q-ing for filmcutie Sally Ann Joyce?* it asked.

"Get that dame on the phone," he told his secretary, "and tell her to lay off the press releases. And next time they juggle my name with any of those floosies, get them to deny it. And if Tony Kreuger calls me, tell him I'm out."

"Turning over a new leaf, Mr. Glick?" the secretary asked.

"Yeah," he said, unabashed. "And don't forget to burn the old ones. Glick marches on."

The night of the dinner party Sammy arrived just on time, but he didn't feel as sure of himself as usual. He felt subdued. Sammy recognized Harrington from his pictures. Harrington. The brains of the company. He was beautifully cast for his part. Tall, athletic, middle-aged, a sort of Charles Evans Hughes still able to wield a polo stick.

While they shook hands, a woman came into the room. She was something to stare at, tall, handsome, elegant.

"Mr. Glick, I want you to meet Miss Harrington," Boyce said.

Sammy stared at her and thought of rotogravures. She was the most aristocratic woman Sammy had ever seen and he was flustered. He bowed stiffly.

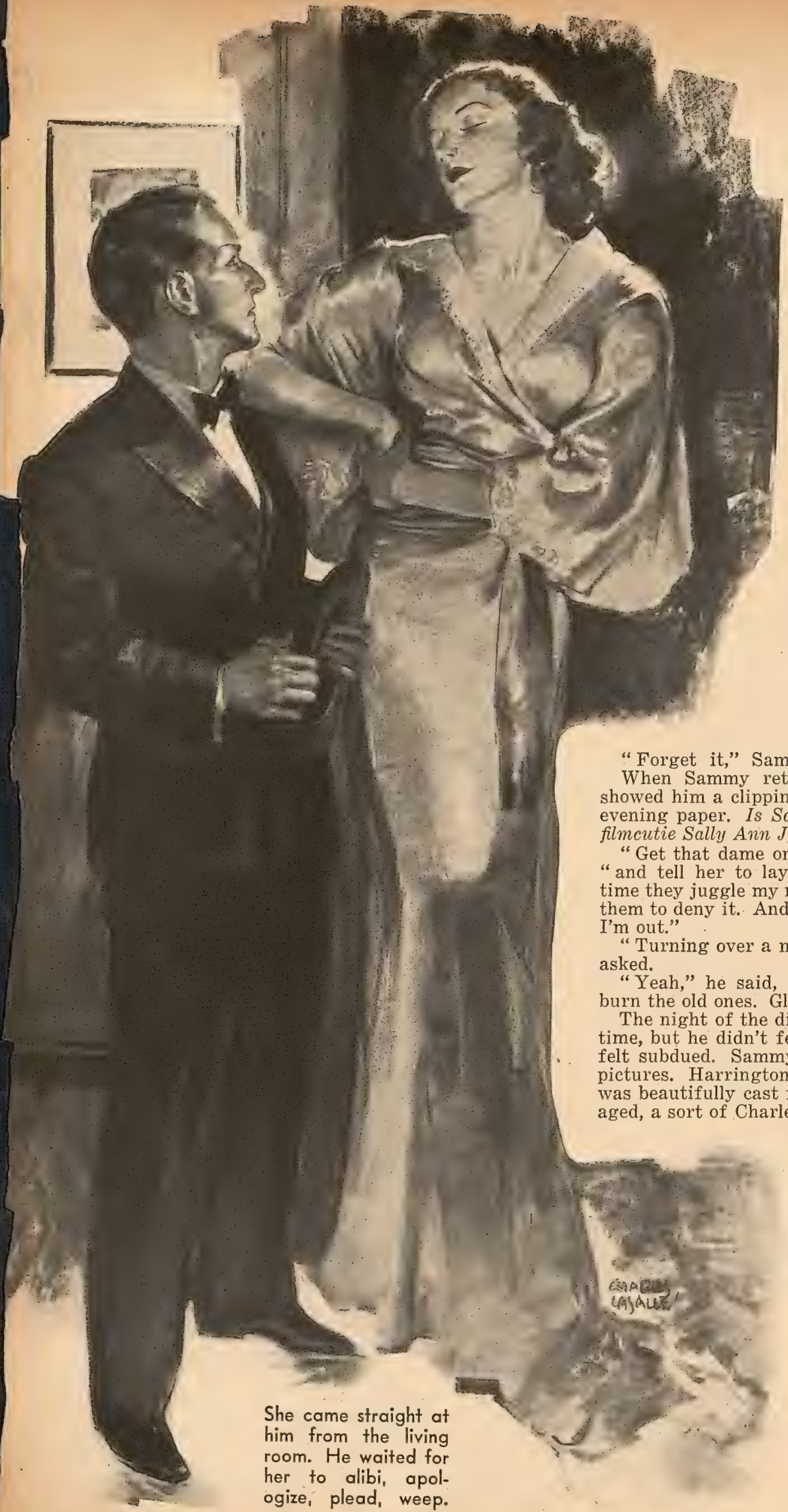
"My father has talked about you," she said.

He saw that she was taller than he was.

"I'm very glad, Miss Harrington," Sammy said.

"Why," she laughed, "you don't know what he said yet."

"That's right," Sammy said.



She came straight at him from the living room. He waited for her to alibi, apologize, plead, weep.

"How silly of me." He knew that wasn't just what he meant to say.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "you're not being silly at all. Father raved about your pictures." Her eyes were laughing at him.

Sammy said, "I hope you did too."

"I haven't seen them," she said. "I've been in Europe all summer."

"I'm afraid you'll never miss them. After all, they're just moving pictures," Sammy said uncomfortably. "I mean they won't live, or anything."

"I have a feeling modesty doesn't become you," she said.

He offered her his arm as they went in to dinner. He wondered if she was smiling because she knew he had never done that before.

He sat trying to think of the right thing to say, conscious of her smooth white arm close to him, watching her all the time out of the corner of his eye, trying to see behind the pride and the elegant aloofness of that face.

Laurette went on mocking, asking Sammy how pictures were made, whether he thought Gainsborough would have made a good cameraman.

But nothing she could say could insult Sammy; it would only give him a line on how to proceed; he was beginning to get ideas. He thought back to the women he had known: Rosalie Goldbaum, scrawny and sincere, lost track of years ago, followed by the pack of Sally Ann Joyces. This was something new, worth being insulted for. This was Class, and Class was something strange and wonderful to Sammy.

After dinner the men assembled in the bar. They talked about business, and Sammy made a fine showing. The box-office drop was partly due to general recession and partly to double features, he thought. He had a solution for both problems. He had a way of talking fast that sounded so sure.

When the guests had gone, Boyce asked Sammy to stay.

"Good work, Sammy," he said. "You made a fine impression." Better than I, he thought. "I suppose they made an appointment with you?"

"No," Sammy said; "but Miss Harrington is having lunch with me at the studio tomorrow."

"Good idea to have her on our side," Boyce said. "Harrington thinks a lot of her."

LAURETTE kept him waiting thirty-five minutes for lunch next day. Then she came in, apologizing carelessly, and they shook hands. Her suit was mannish, but there was nothing masculine about her. He looked her over from head to foot as she came toward him, completely satisfied that his first impression of her was justified; she was magnificent, distinguished, and unique. Maybe it was better to come out of the Bronx because Class meant something to you when you finally hit the real thing.

Sammy could feel her watching him intently while he ate. He felt himself trying nervously to eat as neatly as possible.

"You don't talk at all like I expected," Sammy said.

"That's because I'm one of those new streamlined debs," Laurette said. "They aren't generally on the market yet."

"They should be," Sammy said.

"Why?" she asked. "You're not in the market for one, are you?"

They walked back to the office without saying much. At the main entrance Sammy held her hand a moment too long. He wanted to see what she would do. Her only reaction was a smile. He felt like the little boy in Sunday school who has just brought the young teacher flowers.

"Thanks," she said. "You were really charming."

"When will I see you again?" he asked.

"Now I know who puts that in all the movies," she said.

Sammy tightened up. He had thrown himself instead of the cape across every puddle, and it wasn't paying off.

The next evening Sammy called her. She was alone in Hollywood, he said. She might want some one to show her the bright spots.

"How thoughtful of you," Laurette said. "Come right over."

When he arrived at her apartment, she was having cocktails with a young man. The young man stood up. Sammy found himself staring into a broad expanse of stiff shirt. Laurette was in evening clothes too.

"George was on his way to the air meet at Albuquerque. I thought it might be fun if we all went out together."

George didn't seem to mind Sammy at all.

"I haven't seen Laurie since Biarritz, last summer," he explained.

They talked about Biarritz. Had Sammy been there?

Laurette kept laughing at him silently and politely, her superiority piercing Sammy's pride like banderillas, stinging, hurting, forcing fiercer fighting.

They found a table downstairs in the Florentine Room. Sammy felt better when he beat George to it by ordering the most expensive wine on the list. But when it was brought, Laurette said, "If you haven't got the 1923, don't bother. That's the only good year."

The orchestra was playing a tango. George graciously asked Sammy if he would be good enough to excuse them. "Go ahead," Sammy said, "don't let me stop you." Sammy didn't know how to tango. He wasn't surprised to find that Laurette could dance it expertly, professionally, without being cheap.

When they returned to the table, Sammy stood up, feeling challenged and sore, and popped down too quickly again.

The music was back to jazz. Sammy was going to show her. He nodded toward the dance floor, and they rose together. He held her tight against him.

Sammy was a stiff, crude dancer but he was a strong leader. She knew from the moment he pressed his hand stubbornly on her back, forcing her to follow all his mistakes. It was a struggle; both of them felt it, and Sammy was enjoying it at last.

"You dance divinely," she said.

"Listen," he said. "You don't have to hand me that. I know how I dance." He was beginning to find himself.

"Have it your way," she said.

"Then let's quit," Sammy suggested.

"No," she said. "I'm enjoying it."

She was. He was terrifying when he held her like that, not trying to be polite any more.

At twelve o'clock George said he had to go.

"Nice fellow," Sammy said.

"The world is full of nice fellows," Laurette said. They talked until three o'clock. Suddenly she said, "I don't know why I'm telling you all this. I don't really like you very much."

"And me just sitting here with you all night to make a hit with your old man!" Sammy said. "How do you like that?"

Sammy drove home sixty miles an hour. I'm going to get her, he thought. She's Class and I'm going to get her, Sammy Glick.

Mr. Harrington invited Sammy to lunch with him at Victor Hugo's next day. They talked about business. "Only three pictures this year really made big money," the banker said. "Your three. How do you account for it?"

"I don't know," Sammy fenced. "Boyce did the best he could. It isn't entirely his fault if production costs are too high."

"Then you think costs are too high?" Harrington pounced.

Sammy hesitated just long enough. "You put me in a difficult position, Mr. Harrington. I don't like to talk against my boss."

"Naturally, my boy," Harrington agreed. "But this is serious. Think it over and we'll get together later in the week."

That evening Boyce called Sammy in. "You lunched with Harrington today. You're not doubling back on me, are you, Sammy?"

"Gee, no," Sammy said. "Why, I fought for you."

"How does it look?" Boyce asked. "I'm depending on you."

"All I need is more time, Geoffrey," Sammy said.

EVERY time Laurette came home from an evening with Sammy she was too bored ever to want to see him any more. Every time he called again, she accepted. He called every night. He never let up. He was always the same.

For Sammy Glick these were colossal, unforgettable days. In his most ambitious flights of ambition he had never looped so many loops so high.

Then came the evening when Sammy invited Laurette to his home for dinner. Just the two of them. She wore a strapless crimson evening dress. There was more splendor to her than Sammy had ever known in the world.

Sammy's butler served Martinis. They drank together. Tension between them was evaporating.

"This reminds me of a night I spent in Venice," Laurette said.

"Why?" Sammy said. "It sure doesn't remind me of the Bronx. Forget about Venice. Everything I ever heard about Venice sounded like a lot of hooey."

"Mr. Glick, how romantic!" she said.

"How about thinking about us?" Sammy said.

She only smiled at him, and he trembled, she was so beautiful, and he, Sammy Glick, was going to get her.

It was even better after dinner.

"Look at that garden," Sammy said. "I've got a swell garden."

They walked down the steps. His arm went around her waist. She drew away and he moved with her. She smiled at him, and the arm remained, holding her tightly at the hip.

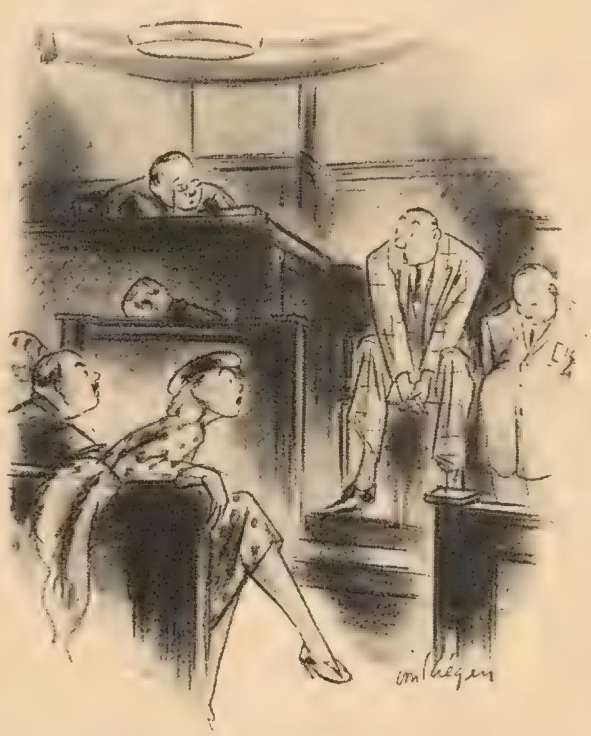
He suddenly kissed her lips. He felt like a million bucks.

They had reached the teahouse at the end of the lawn. "Let's go in here," Sammy said. "It's getting cold."

"No," she said. "There's still a warm wind. No, Sammy."

But he was kissing her again, and she was only saying no and don't. That meant she couldn't stop him. They went into the teahouse. It was an old rule of Sammy's. When they go soft on you—that's the time to sock it home!

Chalk up another victory for Sammy. She had been terrified, she had clung to him; he was stronger and had won, as he had always won.



"And after she ran into my truck, she called me the vilest names!"

It was getting colder. "We'd better go inside, darling," Sammy said afterward.

"I must go home," she said. "Call me a taxi."

"I love you," Sammy said. "It sounds screwy to hear me say it. You're the first thing I ever loved."

Then she was gone.

This was a great moment in the world. Sammy Glick felt completely important and released. His whole life had been a dare. This had been the most insolent of all. Who could stop him now? Sammy Glick and Laurette Harrington.

Next day Sammy had lunch with Harrington again.

"I have something important to tell you—to ask you. I'll give it to you straight. I want to marry Laurette."

"You love her?" Harrington asked. "You're sure?"

"A thousand per cent," Sammy said. "I'm the kind of a guy who doesn't fall in love easy—but I was sold on Laurette right off the bat. I was afraid I wasn't good enough for her. But then I got to thinking nobody gets anywhere by blushing and tossing in the towel. So here I am, banging on the old door."

Harrington was thinking it over. There were crazier ideas. He was still on the board of directors, but he had a feeling things were not really safe. Not even Laurette knew how worried he had been. And any fool could see that this Sammy Glick might be a sound investment.

"Of course, it's not up to me," Harrington said. "Laurette's always done everything she wants."

"I'm asking her tonight," Sammy said positively.

"Fine," Harrington said. "I see no objection. Have you thought any more about the studio set-up? Paine and I have decided Boyce isn't right for it any more."

"If you want an older man, you couldn't find any one better than Boyce," Sammy said; "but maybe the studio needs young blood."

"You're probably right," Harrington agreed. He wondered what Laurette would say to Sammy. Things had moved quickly. A son-in-law in power in Hollywood might not hurt him on the board.

That night Sammy proposed to Laurette.

"But I haven't even told you I loved you," Laurette said.

"But you couldn't have done what you did if you hadn't loved me," Sammy argued. "I would never have tried if I wasn't sure you did."

"You're always sure, aren't you?" she asked. Her father had already told her he thought the marriage was a good thing. But she knew it was more than that. She would never have known how to turn Sammy down.

"This is the greatest day of my life," Sammy said. "Baby, you and me are going to have everything we want in the world."

The next afternoon Boyce called Sammy in. He had aged. Sammy was startled to see how old he looked.

"I just got through talking with Harrington," Boyce said. "He told me you did everything you could for me—but the board back East had already decided. They want you."

"I'm sorry, Geoffrey. If there's anything I can do . . ."

"Thanks," Boyce said. "Nobody can really help anybody else these days. You've got your own worries."

"Sure," Sammy said. "We all have." He knew he didn't have any worries. The world was his balloon. He had it on a string.

ONE week later Harrington had the honor to announce the engagement of his daughter Laurette to Mr. Samuel Glick.

The day of the announcement Sammy wrote the first letter he hadn't dictated in two years. It was to his mother in the Bronx. "Dear Mama—I can hardly believe it is your little Sammy writing you, so many wonderful things have happened to me. Now I'm the whole boss of the studio. But that isn't what I wanted to write you about. Mama, don't be worried. I am going to marry the finest girl in the world. Oh, sure, she may be rich and ritzy but I just want to reassure you that I never forget what you told me about getting married when I left home—that a good, simple wife meant more than anything I might ever do. But, mama, no matter how perfect this all is for me, it wouldn't be right if you weren't here to meet the bride and be at the wedding. So I am enclosing seven hundred and fifty dollars. Buy some nice clothes and start out here on the Super Chief. I want you to be as happy as I am. Your loving son, SAMMY."

The next morning Sammy's secretary called in and said Tony Kreuger was on the phone.

"I think it's swell, pal," Tony said. "I'm tickled to death for you, and the beauty of it is you deserved it."

"That's real white of you, Tony. Anything else on your mind?"

"I was wondering if I could throw a stag for you Saturday night," Tony said. "Get some of the old gang."

On the morning of the stag party, Laurette called Sammy for lunch. Sammy was sorry—he was working so hard now he only had a sandwich and a milk shake sent in. But he'd drop in for cocktails.

"All right for you," Laurette chided. "Throw me into the arms of other men."

"They know me well enough to throw you right back," Sammy said.

That afternoon, as she smiled across the table at Lynn Foster, she wondered if Sammy were right. His insolence had first amused her, then overwhelmed her—and now? Lynn would smile when she smiled, and if she leaned forward he would meet her at the middle of the table.

She liked to do it. It brought back that necessary sense of superiority. She would not let Sammy crush it. Maybe if she laughed with Lynn, dropping little hints like bits of bread to mark the path to her, and he followed, she could rediscover her kind of pride again.

Late that day Sammy dropped in for cocktails at Laurette's. She met him in a green satin lounging robe. They kissed. "Couldn't you stay tonight?" she asked.

"No chance, honey," Sammy said. "Can't let the boys down."

"I wish you didn't have to go," she remarked softly.

"There'll be thousands of nights from now on, huh, honey?" He patted her affectionately. He still couldn't picture himself doing that, but there it was.

The stag turned out to be an elegant affair at the Ambassador, with two hundred of Hollywood's more prominent males. And Sammy was king of them all. As he came in, they all stood up, raised champagne glasses and droned, "Poor Sammy, poor Sammy." But Sammy could grin because he had met the enemy and they were his.

Sammy took the seat of honor, with Tony at his right hand. It was the beginning of a dizzy, exultant, triumphant evening. Sammy was feeling great. He got up and made a speech. Then the lights were turned down and nude women danced. Sammy swallowed more champagne in the dark, smiling to himself. These cheap tarts were what he wasn't going to marry, and he felt cocky inside and out.

"How about dropping up to the apartment for awhile? Remember Peggy and Sally Ann? I told them to meet me there—said I might bring you along." It was Tony.

"You can take Peggy and Sally Ann both and . . ." Sammy began and stopped. "Sorry," he finished. "Not tonight."

"One little nightcap," Tony begged.

"Not tonight," Sammy insisted. "Thanks, Tony."

"Not going moral on me?" Tony asked.

"I'm afraid it's too late," Sammy said, more stubbornly. "Maybe some other time, huh?"

"Sure," Tony agreed, changing his tone. "We'll be seeing each other."

Sammy had to see Laurette, cool, refreshing, and clean like the wind that whistled past his car as he raced to her. It was two thirty in the morning. He swayed up the steps to her door, drunker now on back slaps and self-approbation than any one would ever be on champagne.

He let himself in with his key. She had given him a key. Something seemed wrong with the house. Maybe he shouldn't have come. But one little kiss and he would go. That's it, he had come to kiss her good night.

Then he noticed what was wrong. The lights. They were all on, and the radio was blaring. He stopped still, like any animal, listening.

Not alone. He swayed there in the hallway, eyes bulging, horribly sober, yelling, "Laurette—Laurette!"

She came straight at him from the living room, pulling her robe tighter around her, that same green satin.

Her voice was vicious and low. Drunken and passionate, ugly and hoarse to Sammy. "Well?"

He waited for her to alibi, apologize, plead, curse, weep. But that was all she said. He waited for her to go on, beg forgiveness. He wanted her to wilt beneath his righteous stare, but she only stood there, not bothering to hold the robe so close around her any more, stood there proud and composed, stately and cruelly self-possessed. These were the elements he loved and admired and aspired to, and he hated them. He wanted suddenly to hide from them. He would make no scene; he would never ask her who was there. And she had been ready to tell him. She was all set to say, "Lynn Foster, dear," and look at him, and watch him wilt like yesterday's gardenia, knowing he could not crush her any more; letting him know Lynn Fosters would be her barricade.

Sammy only stared, their future running through his mind like ticker tape. They were going to have everything they wanted.

"I'll call you in the morning," Sammy said almost in a whisper. "We have to meet my mother at the train."

She smiled at him boldly. "I was planning on it."

Then she came toward him, and calmly took his face in her two hands, and she kissed him as if they had been married twenty years.

He never remembered walking down the stairs out into the open again. The sobbing came only when the door was shut behind him. Tight, strained, hysterical little sobs he tried futilely to choke. He sat down on the last step and cried into his nervous little hands.

It was all over in a minute. He wiped his face with his silk initialed handkerchief, walked to the corner and called a cab. He gave the driver Tony's address.

Ten minutes later he was with Tony and Peggy and Sally Ann. The all-night station was booming. "Here we are—back in the Swing Club," the announcer said.

Sally Ann hummed, "Remember, honey? It's just like last time!"

Sammy didn't smile. Then Tony came over and stuck a drink in his hand.

"Well, kid," he said, "I told you so—only even I didn't figure its happening this fast. What a man!"

"You called it all right," Sammy admitted.

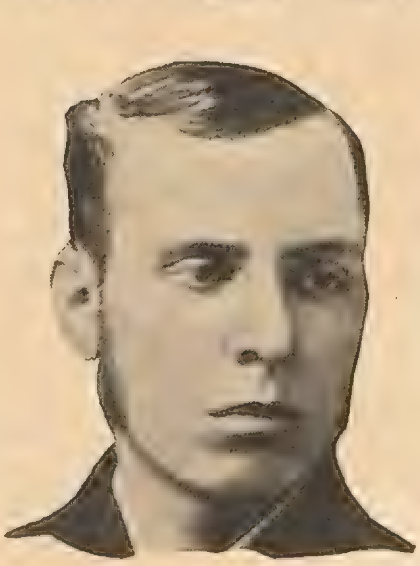
"Just since that night in the Swing Club!" Tony marveled. "In charge of all production, and married to all the social prestige you'll ever want. Baby, I've got to hand it to you."

"You said it, Tony," he said. "I got Hollywood right where I want it—on its back!" He whacked Sally Ann with gusto and she laughed appreciatively. He told Peggy to turn the radio up loud, to get something hot. He tossed off his drink and brought his live little hands together in a sudden clap of exuberance. "Sure!" he said. "From now on it's the fast express—and no return trip. I'm sitting pretty!"

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

1—Born in England, he was Tom Edison's private secretary. On his own, he built an empire of volts which was destined to crash. The early photo to the right is of whom?



2—Do snakes close their eyes at night?

3—The residents of what large city in the U. S. do not elect their municipal officials?

4—Who named the Joshua trees of the desert?

5—What are the last words of Lowell Thomas we hear each Friday night?

6—Were Mary and Charles Lamb related?

7—What's unusual about that coal mine at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, Canada?

8—A Smithfield ham comes from which state?

9—What is wrong with the following statement: "Lincoln offered Robert C. Lee command of the Union forces"?

10—Aqua and ciel are shades of which color?

11—Does Stromboli make musical instruments, spaghetti, or a spectacle of itself?

12—Which movie star is married to the former Sandra Shaw?

13—What European city does not require passports of travelers?

14—Which President never married?

15—If there are twenty quires in a ream of writing paper, how many quires make a ream of printing paper?

16—What is the world's largest man-made lake?

17—Have you ever suffered from acute coryza?

18—Which among the following cities does not bother with D. S. T.: New York, New York; Kansas City, Missouri; Chicago, Illinois; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania?

19—"Barkis is willin'" recalls which work of which author?

20—Who was the subject of the Liberty fact serial, Call Me Jim?

(Answers will be found on page 42)

Is HITLER in love with a JEWESS?

Rumor links Hitler and lovely Leni Riefenstahl.

BY PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

The amazing story of a bizarre friendship. It may make history!

IS Hitler for once really in love? Of course this is an important event, or rather would be one if true, especially in view of the fact that the lady who is supposed to have won his heart is a non-Aryan. This alone would be sufficient to draw the attention of the entire world to this extraordinary rumor, even if there were no truth in the old proverb that "there is never smoke without a fire."

I will begin at once by saying that although there have been ever so many denials, even official ones, of this new Hitler romance, stories about it keep appearing regularly in the news; and why should this be unless there is something more in them than invention pure and simple? And certainly there are facts which point to their not reposing entirely in the imagination of newspaper correspondents in search of news, or of scandalmongers, of whom there are so many in the world.

Among these facts is the prize which was recently awarded to the lady supposed to have won the good graces of the Fuehrer, the lovely movie actress Leni Riefenstahl; a prize given to her for her work on the screen, and on behalf of the favorable Nazi propaganda in her film activity. And it has been pointed out in German papers that it was at the instance of Hitler that she obtained this prize, although Marshal Goering is said to have violently opposed it, giving as a reason for his objection the actress' Jewish origin.

In spite of everything, however, the fair Leni has emerged triumphantly out of a most difficult situation, and, what perhaps was even more significant than the fact of Goering's indignation, Hitler did not object to snapshots being taken of him handing the prize to the lovely actress, nor to these snapshots being sent to foreign newspapers and periodicals, including some of our American ones.

Doesn't this alone prove that even if the Fuehrer is not in love with the beautiful Leni, he is at least on sufficiently friendly terms with her not to object to appearing with her in the same picture, in spite of her non-Aryan origin?

"You are all the world to me."

At all events, this rumor linking their two names is traveling all over Europe. I myself have heard it through no fewer than four different people, all in a position to know something of what is really going on behind the scenes in European politics and European intrigue. One of them is a lady belonging to the Czechoslovakian aristocracy, whose family owns large estates in that country and who is related to almost everybody of note in Germany; another is the widow of a diplomat who was very well known in Europe, where he held a most important position; the third is correspondent of a foreign newspaper in Berlin, whose name of course it would not be advisable for his sake to mention; while the fourth is a man who is one of Hitler's most ardent supporters as well as a furious anti-Semite, who lives near Berlin, has often been entrusted with confidential missions by the Nazi government, and from whom—this by the way—I obtained a few years ago information on the strength of which I wrote some articles on the Fuehrer which appeared in Liberty. And, in addition, rumors concerning this present episode in Hitler's existence have reached me from a friend in Rome who as a rule is always very well informed as to everything that goes on in Europe.

It is difficult to imagine that all these people who do not even know each other could one and all say the same thing if they had not heard it from reliable sources; so that one must perforce think again of the ancient saying that "there is never smoke without a fire."

The story runs as follows, and although it is being openly alluded to in Berlin, yet officially no cognizance has been taken of it beyond a very brief denial which those in the know assure us means absolutely nothing.

Hitler met Leni Riefenstahl for the first time in Bavaria, where she was introduced to him by his friend of long standing, Frau Wagner, the widow of Siegfried Wagner and the daughter-in-law of the famous composer Richard Wagner. The two women had known each other for some time and had become warmly attached to each other. Frau Wagner is in her way a remarkable person, and one absolutely devoid of any racial prejudices, which is not an easy thing to find in modern Germany. She had faith in the young actress and her future, and she used her friendship with Hitler, and the influence which she undoubtedly exercises over him, to protect Leni, whom she presented to the Fuehrer in such a clever way that the fact of her Jewish origin was tactfully suppressed.

Now, Hitler, in spite of all that has been told and written to the contrary, and of certain dark stories concerning his morals which have been going about almost everywhere, is and always has been a keen admirer of feminine charms, and although he has had no flagrant love adventures, yet he has managed in his own quiet way to indulge in many more flirtations than the world at large has been aware of. He likes to talk with ladies, enjoys their society as well as their conversation, and in some instances has been known even to seek their advice.

Among his friends outside of Frau Wagner there is the former Princess Reuss, now the wife of a Prussian official, Hanno Konopath, who from the very first days of his spectacular career was one of his warmest partisans, and who helped him with all the influence which she wielded in society, and even with her money when he needed some. There was a time when it was said that Hitler never started anything without first consulting her.

But as time went on, and he became more and more powerful, their friendship cooled somehow, in so far as they did not see each other as often as they had before; and the busybodies who pretend they know everything assure me that one of the reasons for this change was the advent upon the scene of the Fuehrer's life of Leni Riefenstahl!

Another lady who undoubtedly can be reckoned among the former Austrian house painter's friends is the Crown Princess Cecile of Germany, who also has succeeded, in spite of obstacles which would have discouraged most people, in winning him over to her side and in establishing with him cordial relations. One must remember that, although monarchies have fallen and titles have only become useless encumbrances for their owners, the Germans still "dearly love a lord" and always succumb to the magic of a royal prince or princess, and in this respect Hitler is no exception to the general rule.

ALL this, however, only flatters his vanity. But when he saw Leni Riefenstahl something else moved his heart and appealed to his intelligence; for, in spite of his lack of culture and education, he is intelligent, and seeks the society of people as intelligent as himself.

The beautiful actress with whom he found himself the house guest of Frau Wagner awoke in him emotions he had never known before. It was not only her loveliness which fascinated him; because he had seen just as pretty, if not prettier, women who would have been flattered by his attentions.

No, it was something else—something which at the same time both attracted and repelled him; something which told him that, unless he had sufficient strength of mind to push her aside, this slim girl with the beautiful dark Oriental eyes would become a paramount influence in his existence.

She did become that, because he was not strong enough resolutely to make up his mind to forget her. On the contrary, he sought her society, and induced her to take up her residence in Berlin, where he obtained for her an important position as the head of a movie enterprise under the direct supervision of the German government. In fact, he did everything to persuade her that the best thing she could possibly do would be to throw in her lot with his.

But all this time—and the situation had lasted months—the fact of Leni's origin and race had never once been mentioned until, one day when they happened to be alone in her apartment where the Fuehrer often visits her, she took the bull by the horns and boldly asked him if he was aware that she was a Jewess.

She thought he would jump up in indignation; but, to her surprise, he only took her in his arms with the remark, "What does it matter who or what you are, since I love you!"

And it did not matter, as time proved. Because the revelation which ought to have frightened him away drew Hitler nearer to the talented young actress—a curious thing of which there is but one other example in the world: the romance which binds the Russian Dictator Stalin to a woman belonging to the former Muscovite aristocracy. In both cases the contrasts are flagrant, but in both cases they have led to something which is really beautiful, as everything which is true and real always is beautiful.

One must not think, however, that this friendship between the Fuehrer and a daughter of the Jewish people whom he is persecuting with such bitter cruelty has passed unnoticed by those who surround him. For one thing, it has given sleepless nights to Marshal Goering, who is the leader in the anti-Semitic campaign in Germany.

The marshal, if we are to believe all we hear, is at heart slightly jealous of his formidable chief Hitler, and would like nothing better than to put difficulties in his way, provided this could be done with safety to himself, because, though others may have forgotten, he still remembers the fate of Ernst Roehm and other victims in the Fuehrer's famous blood purge, and he is very well aware that, thanks to the propaganda carried on for years, Hitler now is so firmly entrenched in the hearts of the German nation that it would be almost impossible to drive him out. So perforce he has to resort to underhand intrigues, which probably will in the course of time bring about his own downfall instead of the triumph for which he hopes.

Leni Riefenstahl is aware of all this, as well as of the hatred with which Goering views her; but she is so clever, steers her ship so intelligently, that she knows she does not run any risk of being subjected to the persecution which is being carried on against her coreligionists, in Germany as well as in Austria.

TODAY Hitler cannot do without her. She realizes this fact, and works on it for all that it is worth. This does not mean she dreams of becoming another Judith, and cutting off the Fuehrer's head is about the last thing which she would want to do. Her ambition is directed in quite a different direction. She wants to influence the man who loves her so wildly that he disregards all the advice which is being poured into his ears to break his friendship with her, so that he will moderate his politics, and cease listening to the flatterers who want to use him for their own purposes.

All this is a wild, incredible story, but certainly events seem to justify its accuracy; because, although the most energetic efforts have been made to part the Nazi Dictator and his beautiful Jewish friend, they have all met with failure.

It is said that when, during the recent contest from which Leni emerged victorious over her numerous competitors—all of them Aryans—Goering voiced his objections to Hitler, he was told to mind his own business and to remember that in things concerning his chief's private life he had nothing to say. At this the infuriated Goering completely lost his temper and went to see Leni Riefenstahl, and warned her that if she did not agree to depart from Berlin he would have her imprisoned in a concentration camp.

The actress simply smiled in his face and sweetly answered:

"Just try to do any such thing, and you will see what will happen to you!"

And, hard as it was for him to do so, the dreaded marshal had to retreat in discomfiture.

When he was gone, Leni immediately telephoned to the Fuehrer and asked him to come to her apartment at once.

When he arrived, she burst into tears and expressed to him her dread that their common enemies might prove too strong for them!

"Have no fear," was the Dictator's reply. "You are all the world to me, and nothing can ever part us, except death!"

When Hitler started for his famous visit to Rome recently, he did not take Goering along with him—a fact which was very much commented upon in Berlin. But neither did he take Leni along, as their enemies had foretold he would do. The girl remained in Berlin, carefully guarded against possible attempts to harm or kidnap her by some of Hitler's most faithful police agents; and now she quietly is awaiting what fate has in reserve for her.

In the meantime, some of her coreligionists in Germany begin to look upon her as a possible savior of her race—as the one being in the world capable of bringing Hitler back to humane feelings. It is said that not only does she feel grateful to him for his protection and the love of which he has given her so many proofs, but that, on her side, she has come to look upon him with real and sincere affection.

She is the only person whom he knows he can completely trust: another point of similarity with that other woman who, in cold and dreary Moscow, is working hand in hand with the Georgian Dictator who has replaced the Romanoffs on the throne of Muscovy, in fact if not in name. Some people are sure that these two feminine Richelieus have established points of contact between them, and that great things may yet be the result of their strange alliance. But all this is still the secret of the future. It may be pure gossip; there may be some truth in it. No one knows, because in Moscow as well as in Berlin a wall of silence has been erected between the outside world and the private lives of the two formidable dictators who want to divide it between them.

But, in the meanwhile, Leni Riefenstahl scored one of the greatest triumphs of her life when the Fuehrer himself presented her with the prize which had been awarded to her, a Jewess, in anti-Semitic Berlin, by an anti-Semitic jury, over Marshal Goering's protests, while the marshal had to look on helplessly and say nothing.

Hitler, however, had a good deal to say, but it all resolved itself in his kissing the hands of Leni Riefenstahl, and murmuring as he did so, "I love you—oh, *how* I love you!"

And, oh, *how* one wishes for this story to be really true and Nazi propaganda not to dare deny it!

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **BACKSTAGE WITH ACTORS** by Helen Ormsbee. Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The stage from Shakespeare to the end of 1937, written by one who knows her theater from the inside. Thoroughly entertaining. Thomas Betterton and Mrs. Siddons live as vividly as do Leslie Howard and Greta Garbo.

For a quick come-back —take Sal Hepatica!

GWEN: It's the same nasty, logy headache that spoiled my vacation last year! I remember I took a laxative, but by the time the sickish feeling had gone, I was left out of everything.

MARY: But that won't happen this vacation—for this time you're taking Sal Hepatica.

GWEN: You mean—Sal Hepatica's different?

MARY: Right! Thousands of doctors recommend Sal Hepatica—because it's not only quick-acting, yet gentle, but it also counteracts gastric acidity—chases that sickish feeling fast.

THAT EVENING

MARY: Sa-ay, Gwen, you're surely the Glamour Girl tonight.

GWEN: Thanks to you, darling, and that bubbling drink of Sal Hepatica. You certainly gave me the secret of a fast come-back!

Brighten your Summer with

SAL HEPATICA

a sparkling mineral salt laxative that counteracts gastric acidity, too.

Get a bottle at your druggist's today

Sal Hepatica

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READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

MADELEINE CARROLL:

THE GIRL WHO HAD TO LEARN TO LAUGH

By Katharine Roberts

THEY were shooting a scene for The Prisoner of Zenda. Out of the cathedral came King Ronald Colman Rudolf Rassendyll and the Princess Madeleine Carroll Flavia. Before them, lined on either side, were a thousand or so of the citizens of Zenda. Behind them, in solemn magnificence, came a formidable array of featured players. And fifteen feet above their heads a twelve-passenger camera cage rolled along, shooting down at the "super-colossal" pageant.

Fresh from contact with the outside world, the Carroll girl did her best to swallow her amusement and go royal along with the rest of them. But on the twelfth take she succumbed and shattered the regal solemnity. "Don't look now," she muttered to Colman, "but I think we're being followed."

There are times when Madeleine Carroll looks like the most serious person in Hollywood, but actually the chief difficulty of making pictures with this seemingly decorous blonde is that her enjoyment of the ridiculous tends to get the upper hand at odd moments and not only breaks her up but breaks up the scene as well. This can probably be accounted for by the literal truth that she did not learn to laugh until she was nearly twenty—and the gal's been making up for lost time ever since.

In West Bromwich, near Birmingham, England, where she was born, life was earnest. Her Irish father, a professor of dead languages at Birmingham University, was a sober soul who lived in books. He had married a young French girl. In their house in Bromwich they had two children, Marie Madeleine and a young sister. It was such a little house that you never dared laugh or make a noise for fear of disturbing father in his study. This resulted in the two small girls doing a lot of held-in, semi-hysterical giggling but having no real gaiety.

"Father's whole standard of life was based on the passing of exams," Madeleine Carroll explains—and he bent the twig accordingly. At the age when most children are starting high school, she was entering the university, headed, according to her father's ambition for her, toward the teaching of French. She was grimly determined not to do it. But it wasn't until she had appeared in one of the university plays that she discovered what she *did* want to do. From then on she directed all her energies toward getting on the stage.

Determined to escape from parental supervision, she took her degree and got a job in a girls' seminary. In the first term she saved twenty pounds, resigned, and informed her family that she was going to London to be an actress.

A hundred dollars doesn't last long in a big city, and Madeleine got a job as a photographer's model until Seymour Hicks, actor-producer, took her in charge and put her in a touring company.

Mr. Hicks had only one fault to find. Whenever she got up against a scene in which she had to laugh, she grew self-conscious and choked over it. The old suppression of mirth had come close to becoming a complex. But gradually her French-Irish sense of humor limbered up and began to break through with sound effects. And no one has been able to stop her since.

The real turning point in her career came after her appearance in the picture The First Born. Soon the ex-schoolma'am was the rage of London. She made seven pictures and appeared in four stage plays in one year. And she took in London night life with a sweeping gesture.

It was during that period, six years ago, that she married Captain Philip Astley of the Life Guards, a friend of two prominent young men, the Duke of Kent and another, then known as the Prince of Wales. Captain Astley's bride was presented at court—the only film star who has ever worn the three feathers at Buckingham Palace.

But her marriage did not stop her picture ambitions. She was tops in England when she made her first trip to Hollywood in 1934 to do I Was a Spy and The World Moves On. Then back to England for The Thirty-Nine Steps and Secret Agent.

She came here again not quite two years ago to work with Walter Wanger. So far she has made only two pictures for Wanger himself; the second, Blockade, was recently finished. She has been the loan queen of the movies, having been farmed out to four other major companies.

She has now reached a star point where she makes no more than three pictures a year. Captain Astley visits her in Hollywood, and when she's through with a film, she goes to England and they live either in London or hide away in a house in the Sussex forest or take a cruise on their yacht. In fact, they've just had a grand four months all over Europe.

The little girl from West Bromwich has gone a long way. She's interested in a good many things besides making pictures—such things as world peace and international politics. The blonde beauty has a brain and she persists in using it—why, we wouldn't know; most women with a face like hers would be satisfied.

But with all her brains, and in spite of her real interest in serious things, Professor John Carroll's daughter has not forgotten what she learned long ago in London. She can still laugh—even at herself.

THE END

CASANOVA'S WOMEN

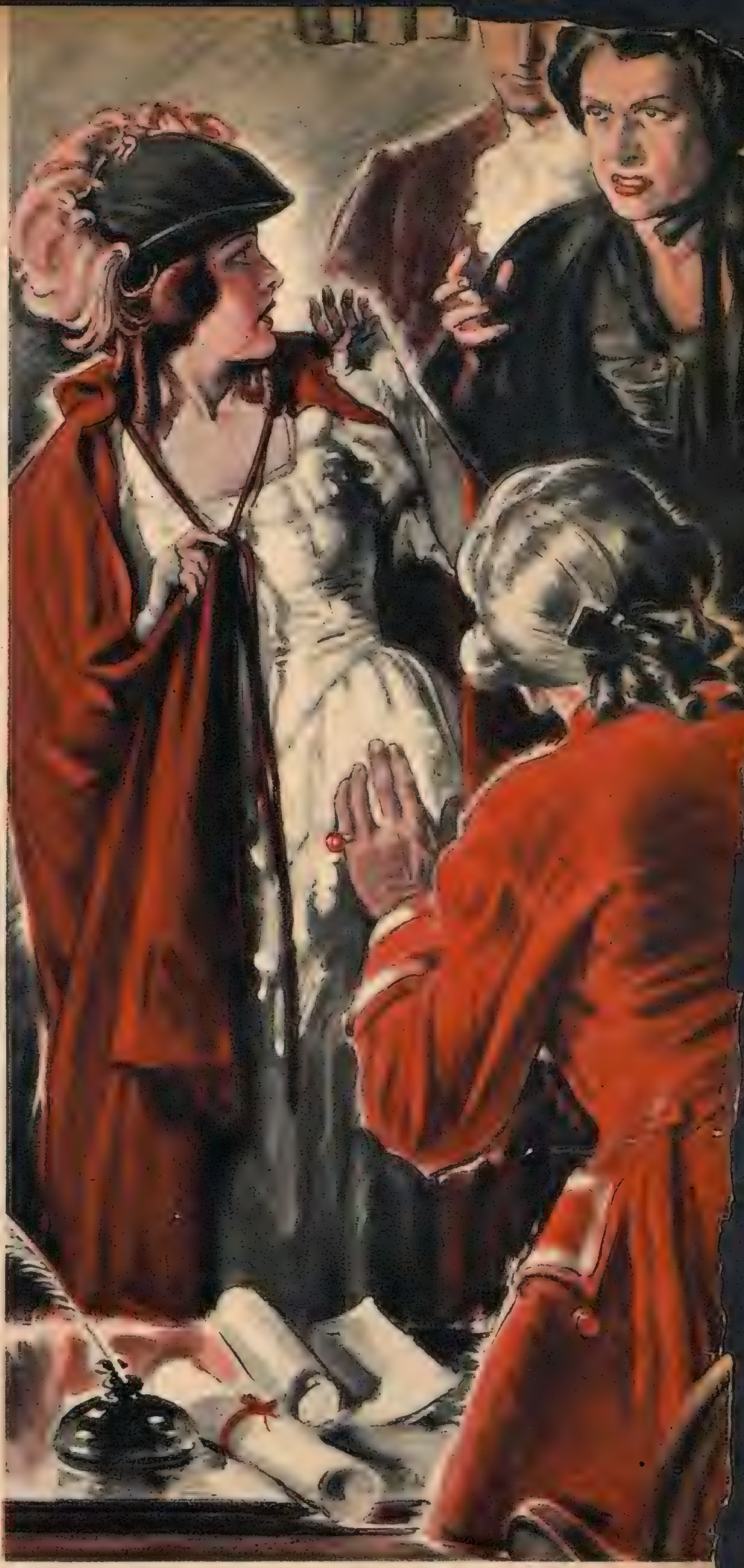
Angela OPENS A LOVER'S EYES

Wherein beauty lures, and leaves a master-gallant a sadder and a wiser man

BY JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 6 SECONDS



" May Heaven roast you ! " said she to Angela. " Let me get my fingers on your face and they'll pay you no more compliments ! "

HER hair was red, her eyes in certain lights were hazel, otherwise green. Magnificent long-lashed eyes, inspiring everything but peace. She had the whitest of teeth. Her person had reached that moment of perfection just beyond the last unripeness of childhood, just before the first mark of time's wear and tear. Whatever her race, her ancestry was something less than pure; but that was not her fault. Her name was Angela.

She caught the attention of Casanova in one of those accidents beneath which, as he had learned, fate masquerades. He had come to Milan on the most legitimate of errands—to better his fortune. Needing, as who does not? a springboard of credit, he had taken lodgings of an ostentatious respectability in the Via Torino, two front rooms on the second floor. Angela, as it happened, lived across the street.

They met, if you want to call it that, as he returned to his rooms after a busy morning, almost on the stroke of noon. He had been selling shares in a foreign loan, actually selling them. That afternoon by appointment he would call upon Signor Martino, humane collector of art and lover of his kind. Signor Martino would doubtless give further encouragement to the foreign loan.

Whatever Angela's business abroad, she too was in the singing mood of success. She reached her door, heavy-hinged and oaken, just as Casanova came to the grille of his lodginghouse. She waited for her porter to let her in, he waited for his concierge.

She noted that he was tall and engaging, if not handsome, that his dress was in the mode, that instead of wearing a sword he carried a cane—sure evidence of an established character. He, from his side of the street, was gratified by the rich velvet of her cloak, still more by what gazed at him over the cloak collar. Their doors opened simultaneously and too soon.

Discreetly he gathered information from Pietro, the concierge, and then retired to his room with pleasant thoughts. Her name was Angela, she had no husband, and on Pietro she had made an impression unfavorable but deep.

She was still running through Casanova's head like a stimulating tune when he called on Signor Martino in the Via Soncino. The house from the outside seemed disappointingly modest; but when you entered you saw paintings from floor to ceiling, alcoves filled with marbles, precious volumes wherever there was space for shelves. Evidently Signor Martino had those magpie characteristics which are the supreme bloom of culture.

He was waiting for Casanova, seated at a round table with a green cloth on it, and before him a leather writing case with inkstand and feathered pen. Signor Martino was businesslike but exquisite. He resembled his Spanish ancestors, two of whom looked down from the walls of his office. Like them, he wore a pointed beard and a carefully trained mustache. His dark eyes, the eyes of a man of action yet a dreamer, looked steadily from a gaunt face. His hair was just turning gray.

"Signor Casanova," said he, rising with dignity, "this is no ordinary honor."

"It didn't seem so to me," said Casanova, matching the Spaniard bow for bow, and wondering how to get to the subject of loan shares after so noble a beginning.

"The business that brings us together," said Signor Martino, "is after all but an excuse. We shall complete the transaction in few words. Between gentlemen it needs no discussion. Whatever you recommend I will take. I have a thousand pounds idle at the moment. I would willingly pay that sum for a brief talk with you."

Signor Martino's manner was so solemn that his visitor got his wits ready and put himself on guard.

"You are younger than I," said Signor Martino.

"I doubt if there's a great difference," countered Casanova politely.

"The difference is altogether in your favor," said the Spaniard, "since you got the start on me in much useful experience. My thoughts have recently been occupied with the problem of morality. It has been observed before that at a certain age men who have hitherto found it easy to distinguish right from wrong suddenly become confused. Have you reached that stage yourself?"

CASANOVA allowed himself a second to take hold of the question by the safe end. "I still recognize the proper course," he confessed, "and I always follow it. My doubts occur afterward."

"You interest me," said the Spaniard. "Would you care to develop the idea?"

"Well," said Casanova, "life has been a series of opportunities, and my instinct is to miss none. Every door that opens looks like the right one until I go in."

The Spaniard nodded as though he recognized the illusion. "And afterward, by what signs do you know when you are in error?"

"I don't," said Casanova. "There ought to be some occasion for repentance, but I've never found any. I suspect a defect in my character. The problem occurs most frequently in regard to women."

"Ah?" said the Spaniard, as though this narrowing of the theme took him by surprise.

"I lack the capacity," said Casanova, "to feel that any beauty is evil. I incline to the doctrine of Plato, that a handsome outside indicates goodness within; but at times I ask whether Plato was fully informed."

"And how," asked the Spaniard, "does this perplexity affect your conduct? You'll pardon my impertinence—I seek wisdom."

"It's this way," said Casanova, warming up to the subject. "I should prefer to live on the highest plane. But each manifestation of beauty seems on a higher plane than the preceding. I should like to believe that on the highest plane we can exercise the virtue of constancy. Frankly, I find it impossible. The part of me which dislikes change I still think of as my better self, yet the rewards of constancy are disappointing."

"You too find them so?" said the Spaniard, deeply moved. "What about the rewards of—let us call it the prompt and unembarrassed devotion to the higher beauty wherever and whenever manifested?"

"The rewards of that," said Casanova, "are equally disappointing. They don't come in a pure form and they don't last. I'm always accusing myself of infidelity."

"You don't help me much, signore."

"Perhaps I could do better," said Casanova, "if you cared to state your trouble with specific detail."

This friendly offer had a startling effect on the Spaniard. From his gaunt face all philosophical interest disappeared. His eyes ceased to dream. You saw in them the ruthless ancestors who helped carve out an empire for Castile.

"Fill out the papers. I will go fetch the gold."

LATE that afternoon, from the window of his lodging on the second floor, Casanova looked out on the world and pondered the questions raised by the art collector.

Across the street a good-looking young man was knocking at Angela's door. Angela's porter opened it, recognized the visitor, entreated him to enter. Casanova felt an unexpected thrust of jealousy.

From that moment till the same hour next day he stayed indoors. The concierge sent up his meals. His chagrin was illogical yet easily formulated—she was doubtless what Pietro had implied. But why should a lesser man be her victim?

On the following afternoon he was at the window again. There, at her door, was—no, it wasn't the young man! It was a dignified gentleman of middle age, Spanish. In spite of himself, Casanova laughed as Signor Martino went in, on his way to learn whether it was right or wrong.

The fourth afternoon it was once more the young man's turn. But for Casanova the pang of jealousy was becoming blunt—or, more accurately, it was yielding to his unconquerable though sometimes interrupted good sense. How unjust to blame Angela for preferring others, when the poor girl might not know he was there.

On the next morning he watched from his window until Angela left her house. He then paced the street till he saw her returning. He walked past her deliberately. Once past her, he turned and followed.

"Signorina, a thousand pardons, but have you dropped your handkerchief?"

She made a hasty inventory of what she was carrying. "Signore, I've dropped no handkerchief."

"I hoped you had," said Casanova cheerfully.

Her eyes were, to say the least, cordial. "Signore, did you find any handkerchief?"

"I did not," said Casanova. "I was just asking."

She laughed. "Have I seen you before?"

"Quite frequently, signorina; I visit a friend who lives yonder." He pointed to his lodgings.

Her eyelids lowered ever so little. "How odd, signore! I live directly opposite."

"I should call it a coincidence," said Casanova. "May I escort you to your threshold?"

They walked slowly, to piece out the distance.

"Since I now have the privilege of your acquaintance," said Casanova, "and since my friend is a neighbor of yours—"

"Does your friend by any chance resemble you?"

"We are alike as twins," said he, meeting her smile.

"If I am not mistaken," said she, "you were about to suggest that you pay me a call sometime when you are visiting your friend."

"You have hit my thought," said he.

"I have a better idea! Will you dine with me?"

"Signorina, this is too much!"

"Tonight?"

"I shall try to live till then!"

"Signore, it would be a convenience to know your name."

"Signorina, I derive a mysterious satisfaction from my ignorance of yours."

She gave him her widest smile as the porter opened her door. "I too find mystery useful. Come early."

At the end of the afternoon, having reviewed himself in the mirror, he went slowly down the stairs, told the concierge he had an errand in another part of town, and was about to lift the latch of the grille when he saw two men on the pavement in front of Angela's door, engaged in heated dispute. He recognized the regular visitors, the young one and Signor Martino.

" Signore," the young one was saying in an excited tenor voice, " I have an engagement with her! "

" Precisely what I don't like! " answered the Spanish baritone. " I have an engagement myself."

" *That's* why she told me not to come! *You're* the one! "

The Spaniard said a few words, hardly audible. In a second the young man had his rapier out, Signor Martino was defending himself, the street was in an uproar, and the concierge was at Casanova's side pretending horror but enjoying the fight.

" Do they do this often? " asked Casanova.

" It's the first time for these two," said the concierge.

Casanova would have learned more, but the crowd of neighbors brought out by the noise suddenly vanished.

" The police are coming! " said Pietro.

Just before the police came up, Signor Martino put his rapier through the young man's shoulder. The concierge groaned.

" That means poor business for me! It always takes two months to live it down."

" And they probably fought over nothing," said Casanova. He returned to his room.

From his window he saw the police carry off the wounded youth and lead away the Spaniard with his arms ignominiously tied behind his back.

CASANOVA allowed Angela's household a reasonable time to get settled again, then crossed the street for his dinner.

He found her in a tasteful evening gown, a tawny brown with an emerald pendant at her throat. Her beautiful face was serenity itself.

" I didn't think you'd be tardy, signore. What detained you? "

Her drawing room had been furnished by a connoisseur. The walls were spotted with choice paintings. Evidently she did not care for books, but on a pedestal in the corner was a fine marble, a bust of herself.

" Signorina, my wish was to be here sooner."

He kissed her hand. In spite of all he knew, he was losing his wits. No more than other men could he touch that hand or gaze on that face and remain safe.

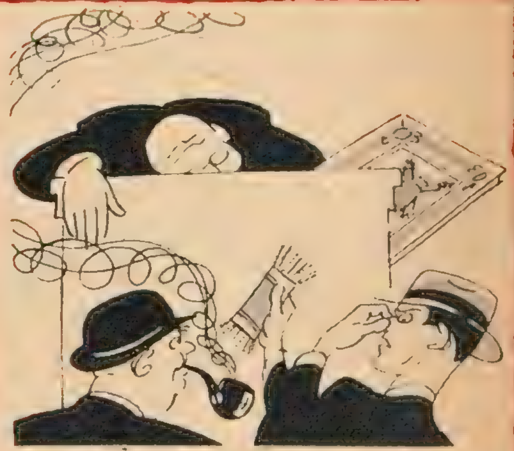
" My dining room," she said, " is overspacious, though some would call it small. I told Maria to spread the table in my boudoir. Do you approve? "

It was one of those crises when prudence might seem ungracious. He kissed the other hand.

" Will you come? " said Angela, giving him both hands.

GOING!...GOING!...GONE!

TALK ABOUT ANTIQUES! Get a whiff of that rancid old tobacco the duck in the derby is smoking! Even the auctioneer is groggy, so it must be pretty strong stuff!



"GOSH ALL HEMLOCK!" protested Mr. Felt Hat. "Why not give folks around you a break? Here—clean the goo out of your pipe and then switch from that stinko brand to

"A *MILDER* TOBACCO! Have you tried Sir Walter Raleigh? Not ever? Well, have some of mine right now! It's a very, *very* mild burley blend, and just as fragrant as it can be!"

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HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, coast-to-coast NBC Red Network.*

The furnishing of her boudoir must have been her own idea. Nothing in it suggested an art collector. A handsome mirror or two, a well equipped dressing table, a spacious bed, the usual supply of assorted chairs—that was all. Maria, a plain woman, hard of countenance, had set up a small round table covered with the whitest of linen, shining with silver and thin-stemmed goblets.

"I've never done this before," said Angela. "Perhaps you think it too informal?"

Casanova held her chair for her as Maria brought in the food.

"Signorina, the mystery which I find pleasant applies only to names. I long to know what occupies your life. Am I too bold? We cannot really know our friends till we share to some degree their favorite pursuits—that is, intellectual or cultural. Your distinguished home, if I may say so, marks you as a superior woman."

He was facing her now across the board, and Maria was waiting on them.

"I know nothing about politics," said she.

"Are you fond of music?"

"I adore music, signore, in reasonable quantities."

Smoldering jealousy tempted him on. "Your taste in paintings is beyond reproach."

She looked him in the eye. "Signore, of paintings, as of most good matters, I am ignorant. The canvases you admire were gifts from relatives of mine."

"Is Maria coming back, signorina?"

"Do you wish anything, signore?"

"I want only the privilege which I now enjoy, signorina—to be alone with you."

She smiled at him, and lowered her eyelids in token, he assumed, of great affection.

"Signore, how am I to interpret your compliments?"

"I love you," said Casanova. "From the moment we met—on the street this morning."

Since her eyes were appreciative, he stepped around the table and kissed her. Since it is extremely hard while standing to embrace a lady who is sitting down, she obligingly rose. His lips were on hers, when a noise was heard downstairs.

"Are they fighting again?" she asked, off her guard.

THERE was a running of feet, and Casanova had just time to move away from her before a man opened the door. An officer of police, followed by two others well armed.

"Signora," began the officer, "we meet again. This time my question concerns the duel fought outside your house."

Angela looked from Casanova to the policeman. "A duel? When?"

"You never heard of it, I suppose," said the officer, making a note in his book. "Your younger friend is badly hurt. He refuses to tell his name."

"You mean you don't know who he is?"

"That, signora, is the awkward fact."

"Well," she said, with a sigh of relief, "if *you* don't know, I don't either."

The officer looked up sharply. "His visits have been regular, every other day."

Angela's voice was plaintive. "I have had no visitor for a month."

The officer smiled. "Not since Signor Casanova came to Milan?"

The name startled her. "Casanova?"

The man recorded in his notebook that Signor Casanova looked ill at ease, having probably introduced himself under a false name.

"Signora, do you admit knowing the older duelist?"

"Older?"

"You never have heard of Signor Martino?"

"Never."

"H'm." The officer turned the page of his notebook to find more room. "Signor Casanova, you live across the street, do you not?"

Casanova did not reply.

"What errand, signore, brings you to this city?"

"You may ask your questions in court," said Casanova.

For a second they glared at each other. Then the officer closed the little book, stuck it in his pocket, buttoned up his coat. "Signore, since you witnessed the duel—"

"I didn't!"

"We happen to know you did. We may need your testimony. As for you, signora—"

"I didn't see it, I know nothing about it, and I refuse to be dragged in!"

"I'll post one of my men outside your door," said the officer. "You will not leave this house till we know whether the wounded man will recover."

"Where is Signor Martino?" asked Casanova.

"In jail—also till the young man's fate is known."

With these words the policeman bowed to Angela, and again to Casanova.

"My apologies for this intrusion."

They heard him and his men go down, through the entrance into the night.

"What impudence!" said Angela. Recovering quickly, she smiled. "Where were we? Shall we go on with the meal?"

FRANKLY, he was annoyed with her. You may suspect a woman and still love her, but you can't love her while she's proving your suspicions. He was annoyed with himself, involved in this scandal just when a clear name was desirable.

"Signorina, the accident outside your door may have for you and me grave consequences."

She tried to draw his arms around her again. "Isn't it wretched! Let's forget it."

"The young man called on you yesterday," he said. "He called on you also two days before."

"He was a nice boy but foolish."

"He was in love with you."

"But he knew I didn't care for him. I wanted solitude." Her eyes filled with love. "I didn't know you were here."

"Signorina, you told the young man and Signor Martino not to call on you today. Naturally, they came around to see who was your new lover."

Angela was careful. "I didn't want that mawkish child to spoil our evening; but what Signor Martino has to do with it I can't imagine."

"Permit me to refresh your memory," said Casanova. "He was your lover on alternate days. He's a friend of mine."

She dropped into a chair to laugh. "Dear me, he's jealous! Even Casanova! They are all alike!"

"Signorina, I was in danger of bestowing on you my heart."

"I thought you had too much experience," said she, "to let little things upset you. You're acting, you know, like a boy. Sit down here and let me talk to you."

Casanova walked toward the door. "I am going to the jail."

Angela was on her feet. There was nothing but green in her eyes. "You're a spy! The old fool hired you!"

"Farewell, signorina."

He hurried downstairs. He had plenty of time to find his hat and cane before she descended with leisurely steps, amusement on her face.

"I dismissed both of them for you—and before I knew your name. You threw away a rare experience, Casanova. You would have been loved for yourself alone."

"Good-by," said he.

She showed all her teeth. "It will be good-by when I say it—not before!"

At the jail the warden wouldn't let him see Signor Martino, but if he wished he might speak with the signore's wife, who was visiting her husband.

Casanova hesitated. "What I have to say might not please a wife."

"As you wish, signore. So far as we are concerned, you need not speak to anybody."

"I'll see her, then."

His better self had brought him there, that instinct for fair play which pursued him through all his cheating, that sympathy for goodness, even when it was weak, which spoiled his pleasure in naughtiness, even when magnificent. Poor Signor Martino! Married no doubt to an uninteresting woman, then thrown by fate in Angela's path, then tortured by his suspicions and by his conscience, until he had craved a lesson in ethics!

The signore's wife entered the warden's office: a plain woman dressed in black—terribly plain, not a single feature a busy person would look at twice.

"Signor Casanova," said she, holding out a limp hand, "my husband spoke of you. Your conversation the other day was for him memorable."

Casanova bowed. "Signora, I presume on slight acquaintance to say I esteem him as a friend. I happened to witness the duel. I came to offer information on his behalf."

Her plain face was grateful. "It is like you, Signor Casanova, but I believe the circumstances are all known. The woman had other lovers besides my husband. She was trying to keep her engagements straight. I do not blame her for the attempt. I wish she had succeeded!"

He couldn't believe his ears—such words from an injured wife! "You do not blame her, signora?"

"Why should I? She is beautiful, it is natural that men pursue her. No doubt she is unhappy more often than not."

"Aren't you jealous of her, signora? Forgive the question, but your magnanimous attitude amazes me."

"I am not jealous, Signor Casanova. I am a plain woman with but a single talent—I can see things as they are. My husband holds me in deep affection. At heart he is always my husband, but I can stir no madness in him as she can. It's not her fault, it's not his. Nor is it mine, since I did not make myself homely."

BEFORE this marvelous woman Casanova was struck dumb. He forgot the warden's office, the jail, the warden looking on. Martino was a fool. His wife was beautiful, no matter what she looked like on the outside. He, Casanova, was also a fool. Here was the woman he should have loved. He could feel himself falling in love with her now. Too bad for Signor Martino, but it couldn't be helped. Here was his fate, a great soul, the incarnation of charity—

The office door opened abruptly and a velvet-cloaked figure burst in. "I thought I'd better hear what you were saying to old Martino! Or do you make your reports to his wife?"

The wife's plain face with its infinite charity became suddenly a portrait of Medusa.

"May Heaven roast you!" said she, addressing herself personally to Angela. "Let me get my fingers on your face and they'll pay you no more compliments! If eternal justice deigns to notice so mean a snake, may your skin be lifted from your bones, may your bones be picked apart! May that lovely bosom of yours—"

"Ladies! Ladies!" said the jail warden.

With meditative steps Casanova made his way home through the street he had called tranquil.

THE END

AGAIN CHAMPIONS PROVE THEMSELVES

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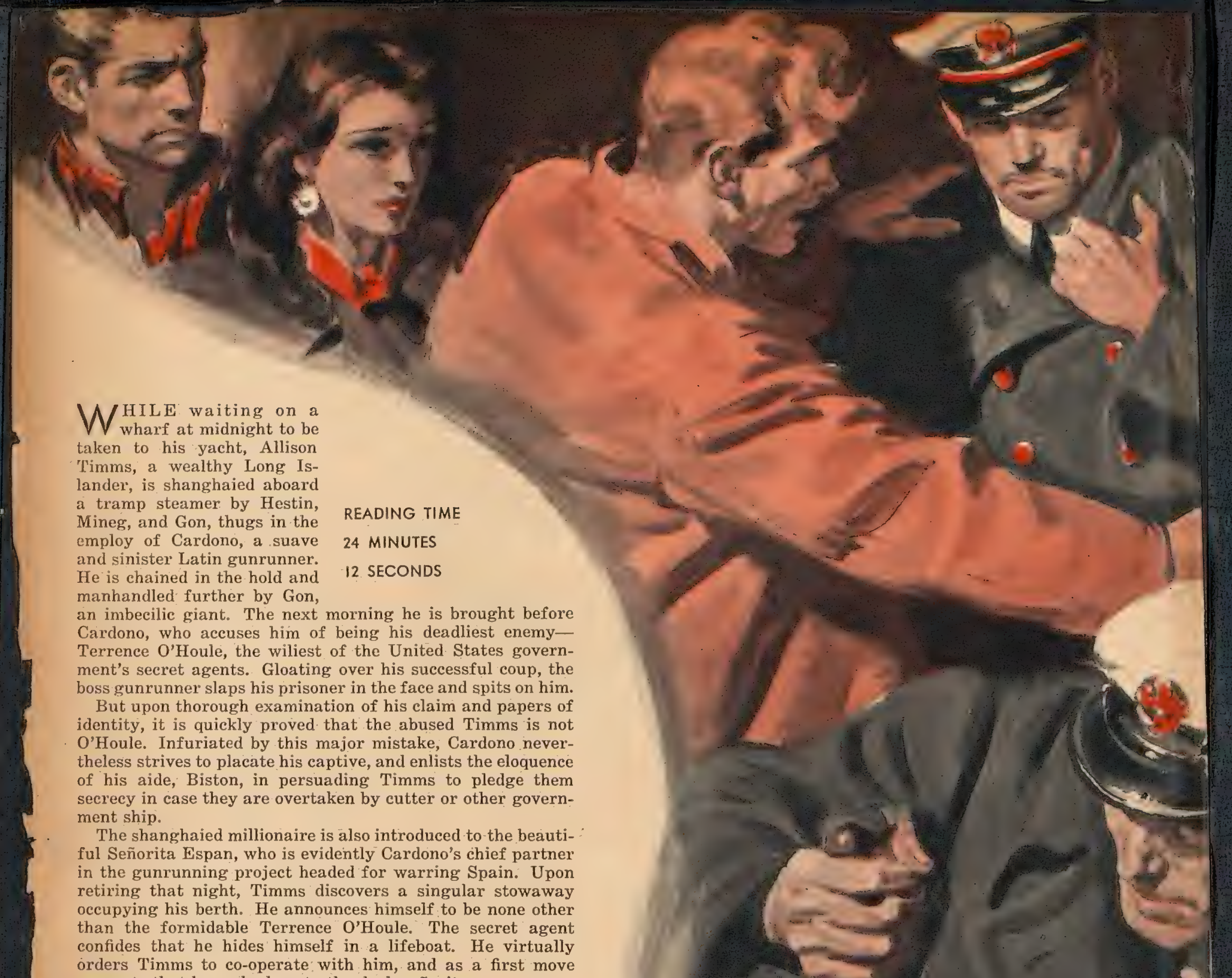

"Run from it!" he screamed. "This ship will blow to

READING TIME
24 MINUTES
12 SECONDS

WHILE waiting on a wharf at midnight to be taken to his yacht, Allison Timms, a wealthy Long Islander, is shanghaied aboard a tramp steamer by Hestin, Mineg, and Gon, thugs in the employ of Cardono, a suave and sinister Latin gunrunner. He is chained in the hold and manhandled further by Gon, an imbecilic giant. The next morning he is brought before Cardono, who accuses him of being his deadliest enemy—Terrence O'Houle, the wiliest of the United States government's secret agents. Gloating over his successful coup, the boss gunrunner slaps his prisoner in the face and spits on him.

But upon thorough examination of his claim and papers of identity, it is quickly proved that the abused Timms is not O'Houle. Infuriated by this major mistake, Cardono nevertheless strives to placate his captive, and enlists the eloquence of his aide, Biston, in persuading Timms to pledge them secrecy in case they are overtaken by cutter or other government ship.

The shanghaied millionaire is also introduced to the beautiful Señorita Espan, who is evidently Cardono's chief partner in the gunrunning project headed for warring Spain. Upon retiring that night, Timms discovers a singular stowaway occupying his berth. He announces himself to be none other than the formidable Terrence O'Houle. The secret agent confides that he hides himself in a lifeboat. He virtually orders Timms to co-operate with him, and as a first move suggests that he make love to the dark señorita.

Being married, Timms balks at this assignment, but tries his best. Then Biston informs him that he is poaching on his preserves. The girl herself gives no sign, one way or the other. A hurricane smites the ship. The captain prepares for the worst. In the midst of the great blow, Timms sees the señorita battle her way to the deck.

PART FIVE—THE SENORITA FACES A SHOWDOWN

"KEEP under shelter!" Timms shouted to the señorita. He tried to accompany the words with a cheerful and encouraging smile, but knew that the gesture was a failure. She caught his arm for support, bent low against the gale. Together they worked their way to a place behind the steel bulkhead of the bridge. There she was able to speak.

"It's . . . it's . . . terrible!"

Timms nodded. "We've been expecting it for several hours. A hurricane. The captain is competent to handle matters."

She nodded, struck a delicate palm across her features to wipe away streaks of salt water that streamed from her hair. She took several deep breaths, steadied herself. "I was nearly blown into the sea," she shouted.

"You should have remained in your room."

"Nonsense. I . . ."

The effort of speaking was too great and she shrugged completion of the sentence. Biston found them and stood at her side. The girl caught Timms by the arm, crept somewhat behind him to increase her shelter from the

RENDEZVOUS AT ARMS

Death strikes, a lone adventurer shows his hand, and a fearless girl is swept into a new nightmare of peril!

BY CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

million bolts and nuts any minute!"

gale. Biston raised his eyes toward Timms, his lips creasing into a straight line. The gesture of the girl surprised Timms, even under these circumstances. But vaguely it pleased him, and he met the glance of Biston squarely. Back in the stern of the ship as they were, it became impossible to see what was going on at the bow, or, seeing the bow, to see beyond it. The tramp was riding high forward and her own deck obliterated vision ahead.

Astern a wake churned and boiled, and when the ship plowed head on into a sea and was brought up sharp by the rushing water, this wake would threaten to boil over the quarter rail.

The señorita seemed to find her greatest sense of security at Timms' side, and when he moved away, the better to see astern, she followed him, both hugging the bulkhead as they walked. Biston, too, followed. Cardono had taken a post beside the captain in the comparative shelter of the binnacle. All were soaked with spray and the scuppers from the bridge were filled with a constant flow of water.

When the port lifeboat was carried away, Timms and the señorita saw it. The ship had literally stood on end in one of the sudden and appalling gusts.

Timms shuddered and thought of the man O'Houle. He was certain that the agent had forsaken that particular hiding place, but the mere thought of the fate of a human so trapped chilled his blood. He glanced at the girl. She had seen the end of the lifeboat, and Timms realized that her olive complexion had whitened with her thoughts. He felt her tense fingers on his arm, but she said no word, gave no sign of hysteria.

Cardono, he could see, carried his swarthy features set in a grimace combining abject terror and virile determination. He was a cowardly man fighting as a cornered rat fights. Everything he had in the world was at stake and he dared not turn away from that fact. But his terror was unmistakable. He had passed an arm around the binnacle to steady himself against the lurching and trembling of the tramp. His black eyes constantly sought information from some attitude or gesture of the captain.

The boatswain, legs spread to brace himself, clung to the wheel with persistent calmness. Once or twice Timms saw the captain nod encouragement to this man, and approval of the masterful manner in which he kept the craft headed into the wind, or measured the approach of an enormous sea and steadied the tramp for combat with it. Once, when the bow rose until it seemed the ship must slip backward down the mountain of water under it, Timms caught a fleeting glimpse of Gon. He was still in the eyes, but busy with both hands, clinging to the rail to save himself from the frequent vortex under his feet.

But Gon was the only man abroad, except those above him in the comparative safety of the flying bridge. Accordingly, when another appeared suddenly on the narrow ladder from below, he and every one else on the bridge was amazed. This man was garbed in clothing that shed streams of water on to the deck. He wore shoes which sloshed about his feet. His face was covered with grime and it was streaked with running water and blood from a cut on his forehead.

He reached the binnacle, caught the captain's arm, ignored Cardono completely. His voice could be heard, even above the roar.

"Run from it!" he screamed. "Run, I tell you. Under that forecastle there's enough high explosive to blow us all to smithereens. This pounding in the sea may set it off. . . ."

"Who are you?" The captain was impressed by the man's appearance and words. "What are you saying?"

"I'm telling you that this ship will blow to a million bolts and nuts any minute, if you don't ease that pounding. Already part of your cargo is shifting. A concussion is all that is needed to blow you to bits."

Cardono screamed some words that the wind snatched from his lips and hurled into virtual silence. He shook a finger at the captain and for his pains was ignored. Biston steadied himself, struggled to the binnacle. The señorita indicated by her grasp on Timms' arm her intention, and together they joined the group.

"We must go on!" Cardono screamed.

"You can't go on," the battered one insisted. "You are an idiot."

"Stand clear of that wheel," the captain bellowed as the newcomer lurched against the boatswain. "Stand clear, I tell you."

"Run before this storm," the man answered. "I warn you, captain. Run before it. Any one of these seas is apt to explode a cargo big enough to dynamite the Sahara Desert!"

The captain was impressed. On his features loomed doubt. He knew well that this might be true, and it was clear from the manner of this man that he knew what he was saying. Cardono screamed another imprecation. Biston shouted support of his Spanish associate.

"You are berserk with terror," he accused the newcomer. "You are a man frightened into madness. We must go on."

"He is sensible," the captain decided suddenly. "This cargo is plain dynamite. If the ship pounds enough to create concussion, we'll go to Davy Jones. . . ."

"Hold to your course, captain!" Biston commanded tensely. "Until there is more cause than the terror of a madman, hold to your course."

"I'll manage the boat, mister. Bo's'n! Bo's'n, let 'er come off a little, sir."

"Off she comes, sir!"

"Stop! I warn you, stop!"

BEFORE any could move, Biston had snatched from his pocket a bull-nosed pistol. In the light of the binnacle the blue steel of its barrel glistened threateningly.

Timms shouted what he hoped would be a warning. But his shout drifted across the maddened night unheeded, perhaps even unheard. For the captain had drawn a weapon, too, and he paused not a single second. Leveling it from the waistline, he fired. The sound was puny against the wind, and the flash of flame was elusive as the dancing reflection from a moving mirror. But the effect was ghastly. The pistol fell from Biston's clutch and clattered at his feet. Both his hands found his own chest in a gesture already stricken by paralysis. His knees sagged, he crumpled.

His body sprawled across the deck in such a way that none need ask his condition. Once or twice he twitched, but his eyes were unseeing. When a sea struck forward, the body rolled awkwardly into the trough and there it lay, for there was none could move to retrieve it.

Cardono screamed another imprecation. The señorita tightened her clutch upon the arm of Timms. She turned her face away from that in the trough. The captain held his pistol in readiness.

"My orders'll be carried out," he bellowed. "I'll have no mutiny aboard this hell hack!"

None spoke. Cardono seemed muttering some silent prayer. The captain went to him, searched him, the while they braced themselves against the rolling of the ship. He took from him a pistol that Timms recognized, held it under the light and saw that it was loaded. He slipped the weapon into the side pocket of his jacket.

To the stranger at the binnacle the captain shouted, "Now, just who are you?"

"An agent of the government of the United States, sir. In that official capacity, I offered my warning and renew it. You are laden with contraband. You are running criminals to a criminal rendezvous. You have performed a justifiable homicide, both in self-defense and within the rights of a senior officer in emergency at sea. I charge you to act in the interest of the lives aboard this ship."

Cardono had straightened as the man spoke. His swarthy face lost some of its pallor, his fingers squirmed against the binnacle.

"Do you know what you're sayin'?" the captain demanded.

"I know too well. I've been in three of the holds since this blow began. The air is suffocating. Dust is thick. Cases loaded with high explosives are skidding about the holds. Turn your crew into these holds and lash these cases at once. Run before the sea to stop this pounding, or we'll all be in hell with Biston."

"You say you're an agent . . ."

"Of the United States, sir. I have the honor to be one Terrence O'Houle, stowaway."

The ship, coming off the wind gradually, was wallowing in the trough of the sea. The decks under them tilted to a thirty-degree angle, then steadied, held their balance, slowly and shudderingly righted themselves, to tilt, then, in the opposite direction. It was impossible to hold one's balance without support of some kind. In spite of this fact, Cardono, with a screech like that of a cornered puma, lashed out with his fist at O'Houle. The effort tore him free from the binnacle. The blow missed its mark and Cardono hurtled against the steel bulkhead. He struggled there, his left arm dangling.

"Swing 'er," the captain roared to the boatswain.

Timms saw the boatswain wind the wheel. The tramp wallowed for a few seconds in the very depths of the sea. Then she rode easier. The terrific pounding under her bow ceased. She rolled more and pitched less.

The maneuver accomplished, O'Houle grinned at the captain. He braced himself and went to the side of Cardono. Resistance was gone from the Spaniard. Spasms of agony swept over his face. His little mustache was twitching constantly. O'Houle aided him to the binnacle.

"Put this man in safe custody, captain; there's no telling what he'll be up to next."

"I can do no harm," Cardono gasped. "My . . . arm . . ."

There was no doubt what had happened. The arm was broken.

"Get a line," the captain said. "Lash him to a stanchion so he won't go over the side."

O'Houle himself removed the belt from Cardono's middle and made a loop through which he passed the man's uninjured arm. Then he passed the strap about a stanchion and made it fast, and Cardono lay upon the heaving deck and, but for an occasional moan, was still.

Presently the moon was obliterated by black clouds which seemed to sweep upward from nowhere. The effect was almost that of extinguishing a light. Complete darkness fell upon the craft and upon the people aboard. Then came rain. It came as a sandblast might come. Huge drops which rattled against glass and steel, struck the decks with the force of hail, drove every one for cover as it lashed about the bulkheads.

Up the ladder came still another bedraggled figure. This was Gon.

He saw Biston and braced himself above the man and regarded him. He saw Cardono and fear filled his face. He went to the man and with one hand tore free the belt, aided Cardono to rise. O'Houle staggered to them and Timms heard him shout:

"Sparks! Electricity! Blue flames and sparks, sparks, sparks!"

Gon cringed before him, let Cardono slip again to the deck. Under the orders of O'Houle, Gon stripped from his own waist the belt there and strapped Cardono gently to the stanchion a second time. Then he stood above Biston, and suddenly, under the hair of his throat, that horrible guttural laugh rumbled.

THE captain was at the speaking tube, shouting orders to the first officer below. There was profanity in his demand to know why he had not been warned against sliding cargoes in the holds. He ignored responses explaining that it was the first officer himself who had sent O'Houle with his warning. He threatened violence unless the loose cases of explosives were immediately and properly stowed. Señorita Espan fought her way to the massive Gon and screamed instructions into his ear. Gon had the strength to fight his way below and to move cases against the gyrations of the ship, she insisted. She even managed a word with O'Houle, demanding that his was the best knowledge of the location of the menace and urging him to proceed with Gon despite his exhaustion. O'Houle and Gon obeyed her.

Timms heard the captain say to the boatswain, "That's better. She rides easier." And saw the boatswain nod his head affirmatively. Timms himself could see that the racking struggles of the vessel had eased. The captain shouted new orders into the engine-room tube.

Señorita Espan was keeping calm. Timms much admired that. In fact, after O'Houle and Gon had started on their all-important mission, she managed to fight her way to the bridge rail and, regardless of the wind and downpour, follow their tortuous course so long as they remained visible, which was but briefly. After that she came back to Timms, sheltered herself as well as she could at his side. Then her eyes fell on the body of Biston and she shuddered vaguely and turned away. Timms led her to the binnacle, slipped her arm about it for support. She clung. The boatswain grinned at her.

"It's weather like this here," he shouted, "keeps us sailormen from powderin' our noses!"

Timms braced himself, timing his steps with the roll of the ship, catching that moment of comparative steadiness underfoot that was part of each crest under the quarter; finally got to Biston's body. By dint of immense effort, he hauled the inert bundle to the port light, there braced it as well as he could under the rail, and with his own belt secured it. The effort left him shaking, his breath coming in gasps. When he returned to the navigating bench, he did so on hands and knees.

The captain nodded his thanks and the señorita joined with a gesture equally meaningful. Timms rose, caught the edge of the bench, shouted into the woman's ear.

"I hope that doesn't mean . . . too . . . much. . . ." He nodded toward Biston.

He found her answer in the expression of her face and her carriage. If Biston had planned marriage with this amazing woman, Timms was confident, it was a plan wholly one-sided and not of the least interest to her. He found that her chief interest now seemed to be in the chronometer on the bridge.

THE girl was watching the time. She had been doing that ever since O'Houle and Gon had left the bridge on their perilous mission. Timms was amazed again at her calm courage. He felt surging doubt that O'Houle knew what he was talking about when he had branded this girl a smuggler. Admiration of her was poignant now. He felt drawn to her, and he went closer and laid his hand upon her arm to steady her against the storm, and she smiled wanly up at him as though she had measured his thoughts and understood them and yet was worried about time. Timms, impelled by his sudden emotion, shouted, "I'll help you any way I can, señorita. This O'Houle is bad for your business."

Her fingertips caught and squeezed his arm. That was all. Then they lent ear to the sudden shouts of the captain in converse with the boatswain.

"We're on the edge. We ought to get clear in two hours."

The man at the wheel nodded agreement, spun the spokes with all his strength. The captain mounted the low platform upon which the boatswain stood, shouldered him aside, and manned the wheel himself. The relieved sailor stretched his arms, kicked his feet, to ease the cramped muscles, strode to the rail and

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back again. That was all this tempest seemed to mean to these two. It presented a job to be done and, virtually alone, they were doing it, though Timms thought again and again of the heroic effort of the men in the engine and fire rooms, those creeping through thundering holds and stifling, roaring double bottoms.

When dawn came it brought little relief and no greatly increased visibility. The rain lessened none at all. Timms felt that perhaps the water flying through the air was not rain at all but spray blown from the maddened sea. He thought so until he went to the ladder to peer below and tasted this water on his lips. It was fresh and warm as the sultry air about them. He never had imagined such rain before, had never believed that water could fall so heavily that one felt stifled in an effort to breathe, but that was what this storm had done for hours. So the break of day was merely a nuance of color. Instead of deepest black, the world about them faded to a dull gray. Visibility on the bridge was somewhat clearer, but it remained impossible to see the decks below or even the seething water under the near-by stern.

This condition had obtained for some time when O'Houle staggered up the ladder, lurched to the binnacle, and set on the deck at the feet of the captain a crockery jug. From under his shirt he yanked a porcelain cup. To the señorita he turned first, motioning her to come to him. She did not hesitate. The boatswain seized the jug and the cup, uncorked the former and managed, with splashings that heated his coarse fingers, to pour forth some black coffee. The girl swallowed some. She turned to speak to O'Houle, and the man from the government had sagged suddenly to the deck and lay there now, his face blanched and his fingers slowly releasing their hold upon the steadying binnacle.

Timms stepped forward to defend him against any attack the señorita might make, for well he knew that with Biston gone the señorita must assume leadership against O'Houle. Cardono, excitable, enraged, injured, would be easy for O'Houle. The crew might do anything, once the common menace of the storm had ended. But it was this señorita who would lead, and Timms knew this. But she made no overt move. Instead, she dropped to her knees, tried to force some of the coffee past O'Houle's lips. The man was past that. He opened his tired eyes, winked, grinned a pitiable imitation of his usual smile, then rested.

Gon appeared at the ladder and he was laughing.

"Me," he shouted. "Me, Gon. I went through the hold bulkheads. I stowed the cases. Me. Strong Gon. Everybody tired but Gon. Now I take the captain's job. I put the ship back into the sea. Cardono, he pay me. I go where he say. Me. Gon, that's what I do now. Who's afraid of the wind?"

THE captain had freed one hand at these shoutings. He was reaching again toward that fateful weapon. Timms shouted a plea to Gon that went unheeded. The boatswain, uncertain, for they all feared this giant physically and were shy of his known madness, seized the wheel from the commanding officer, thus freeing him to act. But Gon was silenced and directed by the most unexpected of forces. The señorita rose quickly, placed herself in Gon's path.

"Sparks! Sparks!" she screamed, her finger shaking at the oncoming imbecile. "Quiet, Gon. Be still."

Gon cringed, backed away, muttered something of his strength which was lost in the cavernous spaces of that hairy throat. To the captain the girl shouted assurances that Gon would be still. To him she entrusted the future of the ship. Timms breathed a sigh of relief. Then they all, with faltering success but persistent effort, drank of the warm coffee from the engine room and thanked the courage and thoughtfulness of the O'Houle who had found it and brought it to them.

The tramp lurched steadily onward before the wind. The sea boiled in mountainous water peaks, the rain fell, the wind roared. Except for the boatswain and the captain, those on the bridge caught the best holds they could find and in soaked and frightened misery waited, waited, for cessation of the hurricane. The first officer reported the cargo secure. The engineer reported the ship riding easier and the engines steady, with no damage yet accomplished. The second officer reported the plates holding and the double bottoms dry, with pumps ready for use in emergency.

The captain relieved the boatswain again at the wheel. So they wallowed along, one moment hurtling forward on a crest, the next sagging with sickening inertia back into a trough.

Cardono had been given coffee. As a result, he was seasick, and this pleased Gon to gales of his throaty laughter, and even the captain noted the condition with a wry smile.

HOURS later the rain diminished suddenly, fell away into transient gusts that whipped in circular movement about the ship. Often those on the bridge could feel a sudden upward gust of the wind, and this appeared to please the captain, for he summoned the original helmsman from below and sent the boatswain on to the decks to check things over as a precautionary measure.

The sun managed to break through the grayness of the wind and rain and the sea took on a blue color in place of the slate gray it had been. Every one sensed the ending of the ordeal they had been through and every one began talking about nothing in particular. O'Houle had regained his feet and flattened himself more comfortably in a sheltered spot. Now and then Cardono, even from the depths of his double misery, would glare at the agent as he saw that O'Houle was sleeping.

The señorita made no move to overcome O'Houle or have him placed in irons.

It seemed to Timms that they ran out of the storm almost as quickly as they had run into it. The roar of the wind remained in their ears some time after the seas had subsided and the captain had ordered the revolutions of the engines increased.

The ship was steadier and the boatswain opened a hatch or two and weary, sweat-stained men poured forth to air themselves on the deck. Shortly they were out with scrubbers clearing the decks of weed that had washed aboard, preparing to open the ship for ventilation.

Cardono was aided to his room as soon as the ship was steady enough. The captain graciously turned his own quarters over to O'Houle to finish his rest. The señorita went to her room after a few words with the captain.

"There has been one tragedy aboard," she said quietly. "I am offering no critical opinion, understand, but I hope that anything more of the sort will be avoided. Mr. O'Houle's presence appears as tragic as it is amazing. It will certainly lead to strife. But keep him rested, take good care of him, see to it that he is not molested. We will have trouble enough as it is now."

"Nobody's goin' to hurt nobody on this packet, miss."

"Good."

Then, without a word to any one, but with a nod of thanks to Timms, she went below. It was evening when next they saw her. She had weathered the storm with true fortitude, but she needed rest when it was over. With the bridge fast clearing, the captain detained Timms.

"On the lower bridge, in my quarters," he said, "there's a Bible. Get it. Bring it here. I want you to read services over this man Biston. We'll bury him at sea."

Timms did as he was bid, and for his pains had the distinction of reading verses over the remains of the Spaniard who had been such a large part of this weird expedition. The boatswain, as ever calm and unperturbed, had had the body sewn in tarpaulin, the feet weighted, and he and three of the crew dropped it gently into the heaving sea as Timms read and the captain stood by with head bared. It was a simple service but its finality was impressive. It was the first time Timms ever had witnessed a burial at sea, and certainly the first time he had seen a man bury his own dead as the captain had done.

That incident closed, the captain entered in the log his report of the storm and of the passing of Biston. He wrote in a cramped hand, with terse selection of words, but he told the simple truth and had Timms attest it, there on the log. After that, as though the affair had affected him none at all, he shot the sun and entered their position. Then he summoned his first and second officers, asked them questions as to conditions below, ordered them to bed and to rest until called to duty.

He remained on the bridge. Timms, exhausted now that the emotional strain of the hurricane had passed, fought against his own fatigue and sleepiness. He insisted that, even though he was of no use, he would remain afoot so long as the captain did. For his pains, he was ordered off the bridge. With a shrug and a grin he started below.

"I must tell you, captain, that you're quite a man. I congratulate and thank you."

"It wasn't as bad as mebbe you thought," the captain grunted.

"I saw you," Timms said, "taking our position. I heard you explain last night that we were but fourteen hours from this mysterious rendezvous. Could you tell me how much we've blown off our course? When we'll reach the place?"

"Mister, I couldn't tell you nothin'! That's flat. I'll get the ship in shape, put her back on her right course, an' make my report to the man who chartered her just as soon as conditions permit."

"The man?" Timms asked. "Or the woman? With Biston gone and Cardono in a sling, the señorita will be your boss on that basis."

WELL, she appears to have more sense than the men. It's all the same to me. I'll carry us where we're goin'. What we do when we get there, we'll decide then. Or they will."

"I imagined," Timms answered suggestively, "that Biston had some close friends at this rendezvous."

"So what?"

"Forewarned is forearmed."

"You mean . . . Say . . ."

"Don't be angry, captain. I'm not trying to frighten you at all. I was just thinking that perhaps these friends would like to make a new deal among themselves, now that Biston is gone. You see? A new division of the spoils."

"Yeah."

"And it certainly is true that dealers in contraband would not be too scrupulous. In fact, if we meet a ship of war, has it not the right to sink us? Either before or after unloading us, for who on earth could ever tell? We'd simply have disappeared, for I imagine we are in an untraveled spot."

"Yeah. They'd go a long way, wouldn't they? It would be nice to take our cargo an' keep the money too. Nice, but they'll find it a bit harder'n they think."

So Timms went below and paused at the door of Cardono's room.

Will the señorita take command of the "dynamite"? If she does, what will become of Cardono? And how can she cope with O'Houle? Is Timms to be her enamored supporter? All kinds of complications fill the horizon as the tramp sails on in next week's Liberty.

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Will the world soon have an American Negro saint? . . . Here is a stirring, colorfu

HURRYING HEAVEN—

The Story of

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

At least half a million people in the United States are assaulting Heaven with pleas and demands to hasten the canonization of Blessed Martin de Porres, and thereby give the world its first American Negro saint.

Blessed Martin was born in Lima, Peru, about fifty years after Pizarro's conquest of the Incas, and died in that city on November 3, 1639.

Next year will mark the third centennial of his death, and his devotees are determined that before the end of the year, Heaven—and Rome—must confer upon him the full honors of sainthood. To achieve their end, they must soon obtain incontrovertible proof of two miracles brought about through his intercession.

Of the many miracles attributed to him, only two have been proved to the satisfaction of Rome. The Church requires proof of four miracles for canonization. Can the advocates of Blessed Martin supply the two that are needed? They believe they can, with the help of Heaven.

These five hundred thousand men, women, and children are of many creeds and more than one color, though the great majority are white and Catholic. Their campaign has already established better racial relations in many parts of this country, and has furnished the United States with closer ties to Peru and other South American countries. And it foreshadows a tremendous drive on the part of the Catholic Church for Negro converts.

"We receive heaps of letters every day, telling us of favors, temporal and spiritual, that God has granted those who prayed to Blessed Martin," says the Rev. Edward L. Hughes, O. P., head of the Blessed Martin Guild at 141 East Sixty-fifth Street, New York, and editor of The Torch, a Dominican publication.

"These letters come from all parts of the world. We have sent literature to about half a million people; but every scrap of literature that has gone out of this office has been asked for.

"Thousands and thousands have bought pictures, medals, and statues of the holy Negro. A white congregation in Memphis, Tennessee, placed one of the statues of him in their church. Many white and colored congregations have made public novenas to him and for him."

Don Juan de Porres of Burgos, Spain, Knight of Alcántara, met in Panama a beautiful Negress, a freedwoman, and fell in love with her. She was Ana Velasquez. He took her with him to Peru, and on December 9, 1579, she gave birth to his son, Martin.

Don Juan hated the child because he had his mother's color. He refused to recognize him as his son. Yet Martin was baptized the day he was born. And though the baptismal record asserts that the father is unknown, it is probable Don Juan insisted upon the baptism.

Shortly after Ana had borne him a daughter, Juana, Don Juan left her. Thereafter he seldom saw her or his children. From his earliest years Martin realized that he was an unwanted child. He turned to God for comfort.

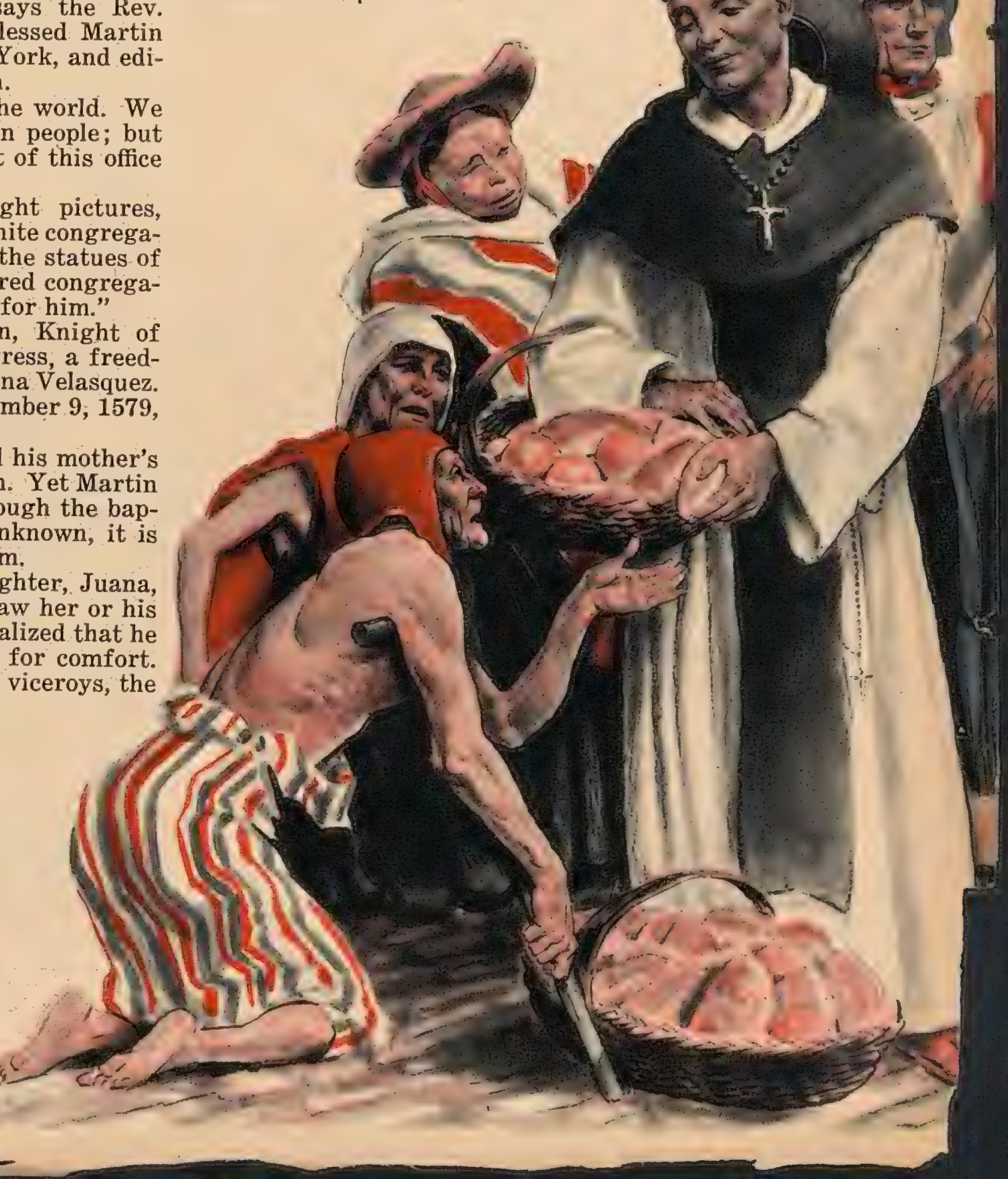
Lima then was the capital of the Spanish viceroys, the focal point for colonization in South America, a center of world trade, a city of tremendous wealth and luxury—and of abysmal poverty.

Ana Velasquez and her children lived in a little house on the Street of the Holy Ghost. When she sent her son to the markets to buy food, Martin usually gave away to beggars everything he purchased. He knew there would be screams and reproaches and blows when he returned to his mother. But he didn't mind.

He was eight when his father sent him to primary school. At twelve he was apprenticed to a barber-surgeon who taught him "how to bind up wounds, to allay fevers, to brew soothing drugs from herbs, to set broken limbs, and to make poultices." The quotation is from a biography by the Rev. J. C. Kearns, O. P.

The boy worked day and night, tending the sick and the injured of the city—Spaniards, Indians, slaves. He was shortly known far and wide for his boundless charity, his beaming face, his miraculously full baskets, and his skill as a doctor. He was also known for his devotions.

At fifteen, Martin begged the Dominican friars of the Convent of the Most Holy Rosary to let him become a tertiary, the lowest rank possible in the order. This indi-



For years Martin was a familiar figure, a great strong man with baskets of provisions.

hronicle of a humble man and his miracles

Brother Martin

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

cation of the boy's humility highly incensed the proud Don Juan. Martin pleaded with his father and with the superiors of the convent; but, though for nine years he remained a tertiary, eventually he was forced to become a lay brother.

He asked for the hardest and humblest work in the convent, and rejoiced when his request was granted. Even the slaves and the servants could command him. This in addition to his self-imposed tasks in the city.

Crowds of the poor and the sick and the injured came to him every day at the convent. He treated them all, joyously. Some he healed with herbs and medicines, some with the mere touch of his hand.

And there were always dozens of other patients waiting for him, calling for him, in palaces, in hovels, in hospitals. One had but to call out his name—according to many witnesses who gave testimony that was submitted to Rome—and there he was, ready to serve.

One cried out for Brother Martin, and though he was locked in a room, and though neither the doors nor the windows were opened, there was Brother Martin. The biographers who relate these instances have the names of many witnesses to back them up.

A merchant who had gone to Mexico fell ill. In his anguish he cried out for Martin. And there was Martin at the bedside, saying, "I've just arrived." He gave the merchant a dose of medicine and disappeared. When the merchant returned to Lima he was told Martin had never left Peru.

A man named Francisco de Vega Montoya swore under oath that he had seen Brother Martin in Algiers, in northern Africa, ministering to the captive Christians. At that time he didn't know Martin's name. When they met in Lima, Martin begged him not to mention Africa. But Montoya told everybody what Martin had done for him and the other prisoners of the Moors—told it even after he was assured that Martin had never left Peru.

Martin is also said to have spent some time in China, Japan, France, and various other parts of the world—while at the same time he was working in Lima.

The sons of St. Dominic could tell of seeing him raised high up in the air before the crucifix in the chapter room, diminished in size that he might the better converse with the Figure on the cross; seeing mysterious lights shining on him and shining out of him; watching him appear and disappear; seeing him bring back life to the dead body of one of their own, Brother Tomas of the Rosary.

He is also credited with raising a dog from the dead. His biographers delight to tell of his love for animals and birds. One story has done much to spread his fame—the story that has given him the title of the "Pied Piper of Peru."

Martin discovered a mouse caught in a trap. "How pitiful!" he cried. "Go free now, little brother, and keep out of mischief. Tell all your friends to leave this monastery. Tell them to stay in the garden, and I'll see you are all fed there every day."

The mouse ran off—and presently the monks saw him leading all the other mice out through the gates.

For nearly sixty years Martin was a familiar figure in Lima, a great strong man in a ragged and much patched habit, a basket of provisions on each arm. The rich and the mighty gave him hundreds of thousands of pesos for his charities. When he died, all Lima mourned him. Thousands came to pray at his coffin. Father Cipriano de Medina stood by, watching the mourners. Finally he cried out:

"Why do you lie there stiff and cold, Brother Martin? Here are your friends, waiting to see wonders. And you lie there at your ease, dead."

Immediately, witnesses say, the fragrance of flowers filled the air, and the body became lifelike. Twenty-five years later, when the friars converted Martin's old cell into a shrine, they were astounded to find his body still lifelike. The flesh bled when pierced.

All these things, and many more, were told again in the processes leading to his beatification. But the two authenticated miracles were these:

Elvira Mariano of Lima had her eyeball cut out by a sharp piece of a broken vase. Don Pedro de Urdanibia, a celebrated surgeon, attended her but could do nothing. Her son touched her eye with a relic of Brother Martin—long since dead. Immediately the pain left her and she slept. When she awoke her eye was healed.

Melchior Varanda, a colored boy two years old, fell out of a window. His skull was crushed. Again Don Pedro de Urdanibia could do nothing; but he told the child's mother of Brother Martin. A rude portrait of the lay brother was placed on the little boy, and prayers were said for him. In less than three hours he was running about the house again, cured.

Monsignor John E. Burke was, in 1893, the first American priest to spread devotion to Blessed Martin. Since then many priests and prelates, including Archbishop Michael A. Corrigan and Cardinal Hayes of New York, have interested themselves in his life.

In the pamphlet, Thanks to Blessed Martin, issued by the Blessed Martin Guild, and in the pages of The Torch, such letters as these are frequent:

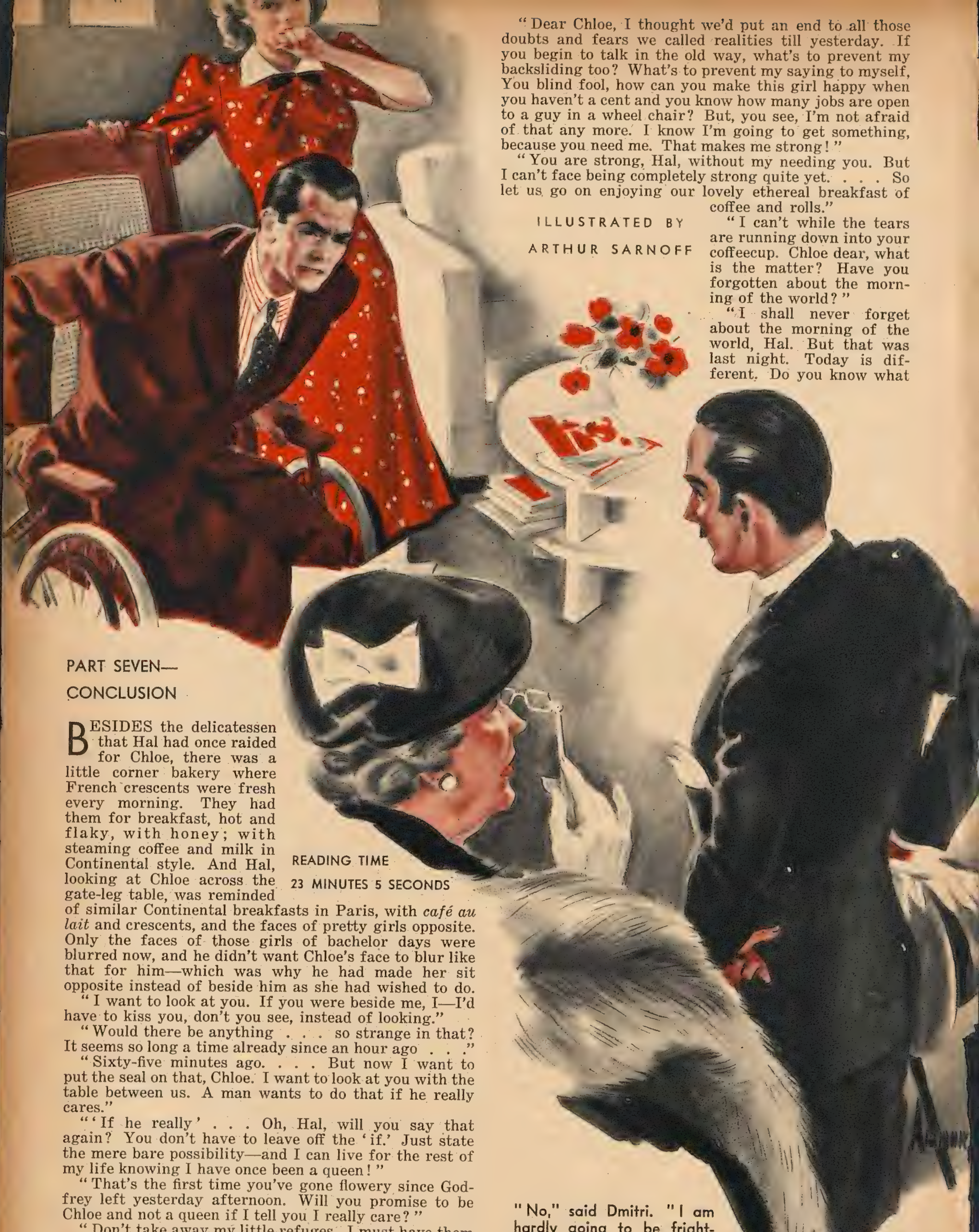
"*East St. Louis.* I had a very sore arm. For a year I could not dress without assistance. No medicine gave relief. I said, 'Please, Blessed Martin, lay your hand upon my arm.' At once the pain vanished, and within a few days my arm was entirely healed."

"*Chelsea, Michigan.* We made a novena to Blessed Martin. My mother, who is seventy, was confined to her bed. It was believed she would never walk again. A few days after we finished our novena the sharp pains she had endured for months disappeared. The following week she was able to walk to church."

"*Port-of-Spain, Trinidad.* Will you kindly publish the following favors received through the intercession of Blessed Martin—cure of an abscess, strength regained after illness, financial help, letter received after long silence?"

There are thousands of similar letters in the office of the Guild—all telling of the wonders of Blessed Martin, all praising him for his "miraculous favors."

THE END



"No," said Dmitri. "I am hardly going to be frightened away by—a cripple."

ILLUSTRATED BY

ARTHUR SARNOFF

READING TIME

23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

BESIDES the delicatessen that Hal had once raided for Chloe, there was a little corner bakery where French crescents were fresh every morning. They had them for breakfast, hot and flaky, with honey; with steaming coffee and milk in Continental style. And Hal, looking at Chloe across the gate-leg table, was reminded of similar Continental breakfasts in Paris, with *café au lait* and crescents, and the faces of pretty girls opposite. Only the faces of those girls of bachelor days were blurred now, and he didn't want Chloe's face to blur like that for him—which was why he had made her sit opposite instead of beside him as she had wished to do.

" I want to look at you. If you were beside me, I—I'd have to kiss you, don't you see, instead of looking."

" Would there be anything . . . so strange in that? It seems so long a time already since an hour ago . . ."

" Sixty-five minutes ago. . . . But now I want to put the seal on that, Chloe. I want to look at you with the table between us. A man wants to do that if he really cares."

" ' If he really ' . . . Oh, Hal, will you say that again? You don't have to leave off the ' if.' Just state the mere bare possibility—and I can live for the rest of my life knowing I have once been a queen! "

" That's the first time you've gone flowery since Godfrey left yesterday afternoon. Will you promise to be Chloe and not a queen if I tell you I really care? "

" Don't take away my little refuges. I must have them —against the time when you'll leave me again."

" Dear Chloe, I thought we'd put an end to all those doubts and fears we called realities till yesterday. If you begin to talk in the old way, what's to prevent my backsliding too? What's to prevent my saying to myself, You blind fool, how can you make this girl happy when you haven't a cent and you know how many jobs are open to a guy in a wheel chair? But, you see, I'm not afraid of that any more. I know I'm going to get something, because you need me. That makes me strong! "

" You are strong, Hal, without my needing you. But I can't face being completely strong quite yet. . . . So let us go on enjoying our lovely ethereal breakfast of coffee and rolls."

" I can't while the tears are running down into your coffeecup. Chloe dear, what is the matter? Have you forgotten about the morning of the world? "

" I shall never forget about the morning of the world, Hal. But that was last night. Today is different. Do you know what you called me, when we woke up? You called me Jill!"

He put down his crescent and looked at her.

"Chloe," he said, "you know I have left Jill."

"Oh, no, you haven't. I meant it, Hal, when I said I can be a queen always now. And I'm going to be—about you, and the one whose name you spoke when you were in my arms this morning."

"Habit," he said from stiff lips. "Nothing but habit."

"Yes, habit," she said. "Habit of heart and soul, which has bound you two together. I used to hate her, didn't I? Well, I don't now. I suppose it's because I love you at last really, and so I truly want you to have what you need. And you don't need me any more. Your only need of me, ever, was last night."

This was of all times the moment where a man got up and walked around; and he was fastened to a chair that made the entire situation ridiculous.

"I've no control," she went on. "I have to say the thing when it comes. And it's come now, Hal, after you couldn't tell me again that you cared, even with the 'if,' but told me, instead, that I was still too romantic. Men that really care don't say that, Hal. They don't wake with another's name on their lips. How do I know these things? Because I've always tried not to know them—tried to fool myself until the man walked out and I couldn't any longer. So the only good from any of it that I now see is this: to be able to tell you that you're fooling yourself too, and to send you back to the girl you really love."

"When I walk," he said, "the first thing I shall do will be to beat you up and see if I can get some sense in you that way."

"Keep your beating," said Chloe, "for something that needs saving more than I. You didn't think she needed you more than I, did you? And now I'm going to tell you how much she does. She's in a spot where not only her happiness is at stake, but her business as well."

He stared at her. "What do you mean? Jill's happiness . . . her business? What do you know about it?"

"I wasn't ever going to tell you," she said, smiling a little, sadly. "I was going to sit by and hope she'd wreck herself, and then you'd come to me . . . after that Russian secretary had completely got her in his toils."

"Go on!" he said. "Go on!"

"You'll have to let me begin back," she told him. "You knew, didn't you, about the new King-Danforth department for the glamorizing of flop debutantes? And that Count Vasilofski, who used to be your wife's secretary, is at the head of that department? Well, about ten days ago I was lunching with some friends and I heard the latest debutante dirt, which is resulting in a whispering campaign against the King-Danforth Agency."

"Whispering campaign. What do you mean?"

"It seems an anxious mother discovered Count Dmitri making love to her daughter. When confronted with it, Count Dmitri maintained that love-making was a necessary part of the King-Danforth program for bringing shy girls out, to give them the necessary poise and belief in their own charms. When the mother stormed and said she was going straight to the agency head, he said that Miss King, as his future wife, was agreed as to this method of handling their debutante personality problems and left everything to him! The situation closed on a note of blackmail, where it was insinuated that if she tried to get her money back, or talked, how would she like it known that her sweet violet of a daughter had been, ah, indiscreet?"

"'His future wife,'" said Hal. He hadn't heard much after that. "Did he really say that?"

"His future wife and present—companion," said Chloe. "This is where I checked. You'll hate me for this, but I wanted it so to be true! So I went to the office when your wife wasn't there; made friends with one of the secretaries, took her to lunch. Office gossip spills easily. They all are taking it for granted it's only a question of time before she marries Dmitri. And that meanwhile—well, they're taking that for granted too."

"'Taking that for granted too,'" said Hal. . . . "May I telephone for a taxi?"

He pushed his chair to Chloe's telephone, dialed a number. "I shan't need two men this time," he said.

"No," Chloe whispered. "Now that you must save her—you won't need to be saved any more yourself."

He heard her pain now, if very faintly, and looked at her with vague kindness. "Dear Chloe," he said. "Don't think you are uniting two fond souls. It's just I've got to go and fix this thing. No matter what she thinks of me, she's not going to be tangled up with that gigolo! If and whenever you want me, I'll be back."

"No," she said. "I crawled after all the other men, whining. I may crawl after the next one—but never after you. You've given me enough, you see, so I don't have to beg for more."

"'After the next one,'" he said. "Oh, Chloe, I thought we'd said good-by to that girl. As we did to the man who came to her."

"The girl was real, the man was not," said Chloe. "You're back to your real self now. A man who could never believe himself defeated. But I, my dear one—I was only temporarily glorified. When this door closes on you, I'll be back to my real self too."

"Which is a very gallant gentleman," said Hal—"whom I'll be seeing very soon again, if I am lucky."

"Sure," said Chloe. "Sure."

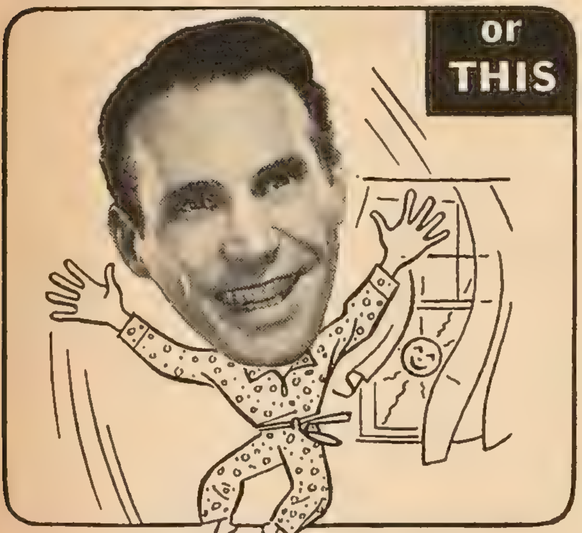
IT was five minutes after nine when Hal pushed his wheel chair into King-Danforth. Ellen at the switchboard was smiling at him in a greeting that was surprised and uncomfortable. It was the first time, of course, he thought absently, that she'd seen him since he had to push himself along. Susie, too, from Eve's old desk, was coming over to him with awkward greeting. He grinned at both girls and watched them relax.

"Take it easy," he said. "I'm only on wheels in order to give this office an air of solid respectability, which I am told it needs right now. Where's your boss?"

Happiness ahead, and a second chance for love! Now, on a searching, memorable novel, the curtain falls

Her Gentleman Secretary
BY DOROTHY SPEARE

How do you feel the Morning After?



WAKE UP FEELING BETTER...

BEFORE bedtime, take Bromo-Seltzer to offset the effects of a bit too much to eat or drink. It settles your stomach, soothes your nerves—ALKALIZES!

AFTER waking, another Bromo-Seltzer relieves fatigue, refreshes you. At all drugstores and soda fountains. Be sure to keep it at home.

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

To **avoid** or **relieve** Morning-Afters

BROMO-SELTZER

"Not in yet, Mr. Norcross," said Ellen, laughing in spite of herself. "But we expect her any minute."

"Fine! I hope she's good and late, so I can get things well under way. Where's Count Vasilofski?"

"Oh, he . . ." Ellen shifted her gum before she went on. "He doesn't generally come in before ten now."

"Will you show me his office and have his calls put in to me there? I'm taking it over from now on. And when Mrs. Norcross comes," he added, "will you ask her to step into my office? I presume Count Vasilofski will without being requested!"

Ellen was speechless. Susie said faintly: "But there's a—there's a lady waiting in Count Vasilofski's office, Mr. Norcross. It's Mrs. Blagden Ray."

"Then," said Hal, "I'll begin my duties at once."

ACROSS the hall a glass door said "King-Danforth Debutante Department. Count Vasilofski." Pointing at the letters, Hal told Susie: "Telephone a man to come at once and take that name off." And he opened the door and propelled himself inside.

The Debutante Department was a small cozy room done in gray. Some comfortable chairs were grouped around a low table on which there were magazines, ash trays, and cigarettes. On one of these chairs there sat a stout lady with a back that spurned its cushioned depths, while out of eyes as round and hard as blue marbles she glared at a girl who looked limply back at her from behind a trim mahogany desk.

"I warn you," the stout lady was saying as the door opened, "I won't leave until Count Vasilofski comes."

"My dear Mrs. Ray," said Hal, "I hope you stay even after Count Vasilofski leaves."

While Mrs. Ray's jaw dropped, he turned cheerily to the limp girl at the desk. "Will you please wait in the outer office? I'll call you when I need you."

When he and Mrs. Ray were alone together, he was silent for a moment, looking at her with a friendly smile beneath which her stiffness relaxed. She looked at his wheel chair and a motherly expression slightly softened the marble-blue eyes. All right, lady, he told himself; I'm going to trade on that.

"Mrs. Ray," he began carefully, "I hope you will not think me presumptuous if I say that I believe we're here for the same reason."

The motherly look fled; she pressed her lips together. "I am here to see Count Vasilofski. You are—"

"I am Mr. Norcross," said Hal. "Miss King is my wife. She's done her best to carry on with the agency during my illness" (he permitted himself a sadly noble glance at his wheel chair) "but it's been hard for her alone. I find it has been easy for certain people she trusted in the office to impose on her. Now I'm back, she's turned it all over to me. And the first thing I'm out to do this morning is to find what's wrong with this department. So, if you had any—ah—complaints to make to Count Vasilofski—I beg of you, make them to me. As of this morning, he is no longer with us."

"But I understood . . ." said Mrs. Ray, "Count Vasilofski and your wife . . ."

"So he really did say that," said Hal. "In spite of firing him on hearsay—I wanted to be fair." He stopped and tried to speak quietly over the dark rage against Dmitri that had started to rise within him. He couldn't let it come yet; he had to handle this for Jill's sake. Vainly he tried to make his voice cool.

"My wife never knew anything of this, Mrs. Ray. Will you believe that and help me now? I'm in a spot where I must defend my wife as well as my clients against a man who has tried to wreck my home as well as this business."

He stopped, suddenly choked. This was true, not an act. He couldn't go on. But Mrs. Ray, her face breaking up in pudgy quivering arcs, was going on for him:

"Mr. Norcross, how can you help me? I've been so afraid. I haven't dared tell my husband—he'd be so angry at my daughter I don't know what he'd do! She was only a silly girl, meeting the count places she shouldn't and thinking it was an adventure. But he says he'll have it all in the tabloid scandal columns if I don't keep still about it and continue to pay his department more than ever as publicity retainer!"

"Well, Mrs. Ray," said Hal, "I can guarantee to you that you'll never hear another word of this from him or any tabloid sheet, and that you will receive back a strict accounting of every cent you've paid the agency. I know we can't hope for any of your business after what's happened, but I can at least hope for your good will, and forgiveness for our having made such a mistake as to employ this man. I'm going to need that good will."

THIS time he didn't look at his wheel chair. But she did, and her face softened out of its personal woe.

"My troubles do not blind me to another's," she said. "I shall certainly not withdraw my travel custom from the agency, now that I know you're in charge. We might even, later, speak of plans again for my Ethel, when this hue and cry has blown away." . . .

It was at that moment when he drew his first easy breath that the door opened and Jill walked in. Now the whole thing's done for, he thought, getting empty inside. But Jill was running toward him, putting her arms around him and bursting into tears. Tears. That wasn't like Jill. That was nearer like Chloe. And so was this real vital knocking of her heart against his.

"Hal — Hal!" she sobbed. "I couldn't find you—I've been so afraid!"

From somewhere a long distance he

heard Mrs. Ray's voice: "I'll be back—after the reorganization, which looks—promising!"

They raised their heads to smile at her. She was beneficently beaming. But as she started to walk out, the door opened again. This time Dmitri stood upon the threshold.

There was an awful pause. Then, "What a tender reunion!" he said. "Forgive me if I intrude!"

"You will never be forgiven for your intrusion," said Hal, "on any part of our lives."

The dark rage that had started to well up when he was talking to Mrs. Ray seemed to have receded to one little clot that was pressing on his brain as he watched Dmitri look at Jill, while he took off his gloves and put them in his pocket.

"Are you going to allow your husband to talk like that to me?" Dmitri asked Jill. "Are you going to allow him to tell your office force, as they tell me outside, that he is now head of this department and I am fired?"

Jill turned feverishly again to Hal and clung to him. "Oh, darling!" she cried. "Did you really tell them that? I don't care what happens now; thank God you told them that!"

Patting her head, Hal noticed absently that her hair was way out of curl. What a lot she must have been going through to let her hair get so out of curl.

I'D better go," Mrs. Ray was murmuring, with a deadly look at Dmitri. "Now I can see things are the way they should be here at last."

"Oh, no," said Dmitri. "Do not have any false impressions. Miss King knows well that it is to her best interest to keep me here. And that I am hardly going to be frightened away by the threats of—a cripple."

Jill cried out—a dreadful wounded cry. The clot in Hal's brain seemed to burst at the same moment. He had to hit that suavely smiling face or die. And he was hitting it, watching the smile vanish in an expression of ludicrous amazement and Dmitri's exquisite tailored body go over like a ninepin. Staggering back, Hal fell into his chair again and looked down at his legs.

"Muscles all soft," he muttered. "Haven't been used for so long, I guess—"

Jill was crying, clinging to him. "You got up! You walked! Oh, *Hal*—do it again. Move, please!"

He moved his legs, one after the other, staring at them. "Hell," he said weakly. "I knew I would sometime. God bless Dmitri, after all!"

Mrs. Ray was crying too. Dmitri on the floor was struggling up. Hal started to rise. Looking as if he had seen twenty devils, Dmitri leaped to his feet and fled.

"Lucky he scrammed just then," Hal gasped. "I couldn't have made it so well a second time."

"Move again! Again!" Jill implored. "I've got to keep seeing!"

With Mrs. Ray and Jill supporting him, he walked around the office once,

He didn't get the job

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sinking thankfully at the end of it into the desk chair, exhausted, but with the knowledge that what the doctors had always admitted to be possible had come true. The nerves of his legs had come alive.

It was too big a thing to take in all at once. When Mrs. Ray had gone they stayed in the little office for their first conference.

"Not that we'll have many," Jill said. "I'm going to hold you to doing what you said you'd do, you know. To running the whole thing."

"Be careful," he cautioned her. "Once before, you know, you said you wanted to stop."

Her eyes were grave and steadfast, meeting his. "That was the beginning of so many bitter mistakes," she said. "All leading up to last night, when I was left with nothing in the world but this office, and the knowledge of what I'd sacrificed to it."

He found himself thinking of something as seemingly irrelevant as when he had noticed, awhile back, that her hair was out of curl. And maybe this was the same thing too, but of the spirit. She wasn't dramatizing herself any more. She was flowing out to him whole, not split in two, where one Jill had always stood by to applaud the other's poses. Her big eyes were almost drowned in his, close, supplicating. "Let me prove to you, from now on," she whispered, "how much I want to be your wife and the mother of your children." . . .

There was a knock at the door. It was Susie with a London cablegram for Mr. Norcross which had been forwarded from the apartment.

Hal tore it open while Jill waved Susie's curious nose out. He stared at it, blinked, then gently put it into Jill's hand. "It's from Mike," he said. The cable read:

GENIUS PICTURES REPRESENTATIVE HERE HAS TAKEN PRIESTESS FILM FOR BIG RELEASE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS DOWN AND ROYALTIES STOP CERTIFIED CHECK ON WAY TO YOU BUT DONT YOU THINK ITS FAIR I GET ALL ROYALTIES CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR INVESTMENT OLD THING CHEERIO PIP PIP
MIKE

"I'd think it all a dream," said Jill, "except for the Mike fillip about the royalties."

"Do you forget you were going to be a wife now, with no critical remarks about financial matters?" he told her, grinning. "Your cue there was to say, 'Darling—you're wonderful! Can you forgive me for being so wrong?'"

"But I know you can," she said, "since you have said so often a wife mustn't be always right. How do you suppose Mike ever put it over?"

So long a time since he had laughed at her. . . . He put the cable on the desk. "That will take care of the agency reorganization. And to pay back a few of Dmitri's mistakes."

She grew tense in the circle of his arm. "Don't let's talk about Dmitri. Let's never mention him again!"

"That will suit me," he said. "I know all the important things. We can go on from there."

She was silent for a moment, hiding her face on his shoulder in a little awe at the unpretentious stature of those words that meant so much. Faith and forgiveness and a never asking afterward if one was to go on from there. And so she must do the same. He had set the path for her to follow. Although she had found out that morning, when she was finally able to check with the taxicab company, where he had been last night.

So now she could never ask about it, since he too would not remind her of her past mistakes. And raising her head to look into his eyes, and seeing them look back into hers without a cloud of memory, she knew that whatever he had done was not so grave as her sins of the past had been, since he could forget it now (as men could) looking at her; and she could not yet forget what she had done (as women could not) looking at him.

"Yes," she said. "We must go on from here. You'll have to help me."

"Just—keep telling me that," he said.

In the middle of their kiss she laughed. To his accusing look she murmured dreamily: "Oh, it's nothing. I was just thinking that none of the girls here in the office will do for your secretary. We'll have to advertise for a really homely one!"

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 20

1—Samuel Insull.

2—No, since they do not have eyelids.

3—Those of Washington, District of Columbia; the city is governed by three commissioners appointed by the President.

4—The Mormons named them after the patriarch of that name because, in their trek across the desert, the trees appeared to be pointing the way toward the promised land.

5—"So long, until Monday."

6—Yes, they were sister and brother.

7—It extends under the sea for three miles.

8—Virginia.

9—General Lee's middle initial should be "E."

10—Blue.

11—A spectacle of itself, since Stromboli is the always active volcano off Sicily, known as the Lighthouse of the Mediterranean.

12—Gary Cooper.

13—Danzig.

14—James Buchanan.

15—Twenty-one and a half.

16—Lake Meade (Arizona and Nevada)—and still growing!

17—In all probability, for it's a common cold.

18—Kansas City, Missouri.

19—David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens.

20— James A Farley

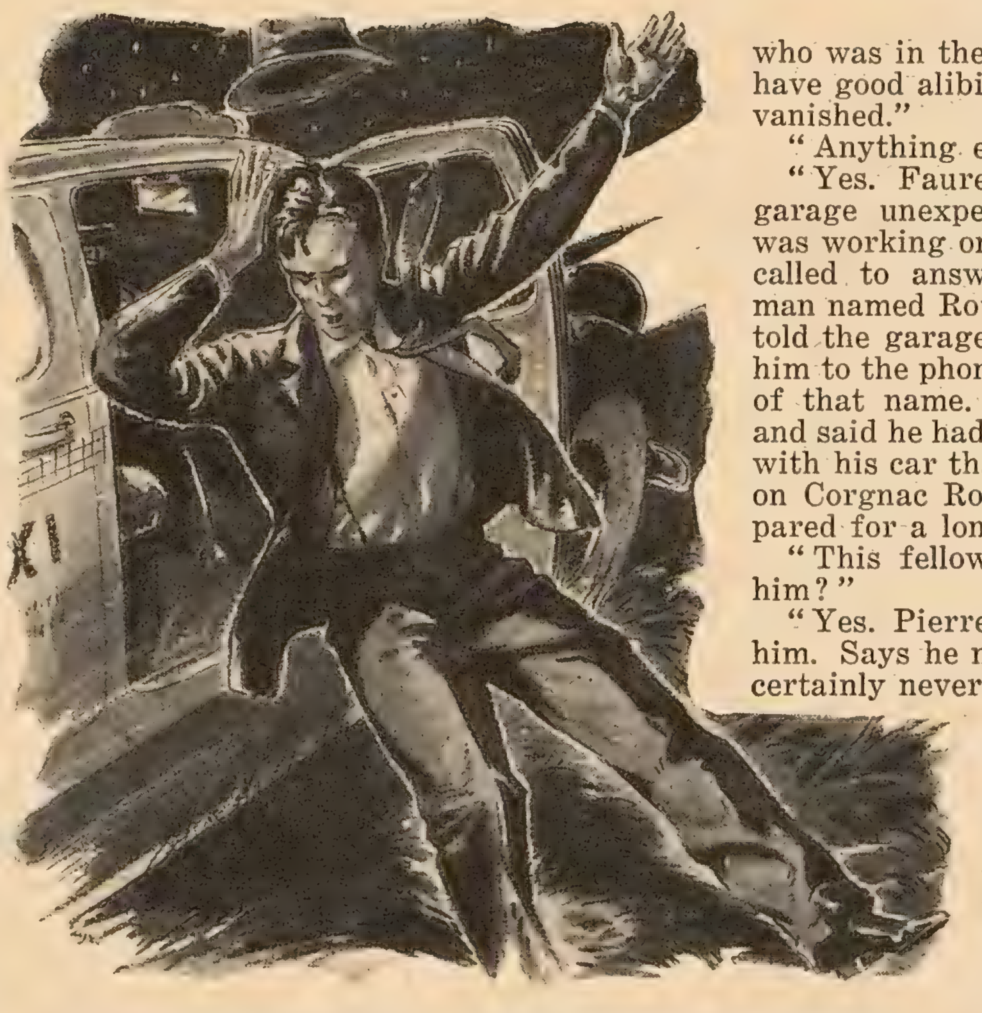
TRUE DETECTIVE CASES FROM SECRET FRENCH ARCHIVES

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

The Strange Case of The Disappearing Taxi

BY ZETA ROTHSCHILD

How the Sûreté trapped a wily villain— A thrilling mystery story from real life



As they watched, the door opened and a man leaped out.

THIS taxi vanished on the night of January 12, which was a Thursday. It was a Chenard; its license number was K-691-3. With it vanished its twenty-nine-year-old driver-owner, Etienne Faure.

It was Faure's young wife who reported her husband's disappearance the following morning to Commissaire Gernolle of the First District of Limoges.

"He went out right after supper," she said. "He had an appointment with a fare. No, it couldn't have been a breakdown. He'd have telephoned me before this. Something bad has happened. You must find him!"

That seemed a simple enough problem for the French Sûreté. A man might easily vanish. A taxicab? That was another matter. Commissaire Gernolle gave the story of the disappearance to the newspapers.

The publicity brought forth three witnesses who had seen the missing Chenard taxi. Two were men cyclists. They had seen a man answering Faure's description driving the car along the Corgnac Road around eight o'clock on the night of the disappearance. What interested police was this: A second car—a Panhard—was trailing the taxi of Etienne Faure.

Four hours later a woman living in the Rue Auguste-Renoir, in Limoges, saw the taxicab parked near her apartment. She had not seen the driver. The taxicab, then, had returned to Limoges. Where it had been, or where it had gone after its return, remained a puzzle.

There was no more word of either car or driver until Sunday night, when late homegoers along the river road outside Argenton, an hour and a half from Limoges, saw a car racing madly past them. Suddenly brakes and protesting tires squealed as it veered from the road into a towpath that led to the river Creuse.

Impotently the startled pedestrians looked on. That car could never be halted before it reached the river. As they watched, the car's lights were switched off, a door in the car opened, and a man leaped out and raced toward the railroad station a block away.

The car hurdled the rim of the river bank and disappeared, with a crashing splash, into the river.

Almost simultaneously the express from Limoges pulled out of the railway station. As it puffed into motion, the running man, mad driver of the mystery auto, swung aboard. His escape had been perfectly timed.

Local police got the car out of the river next morning. There was nothing, no one, in it. But it was the car the Limoges Sûreté had been seeking. It was the missing Etienne Faure's Chenard taxi.

Back in Limoges, Inspectors Peyrelàde and Montaudon reported: "We have checked the dossier of Etienne Faure. He has never been in trouble. Every one speaks highly of him. He is honest, hard-working."

Commissaire Fressard, head of the Limoges Sûreté, asked: "Where does he keep his car?"

"At a garage in Maupas Road. He was last seen there about five o'clock Thursday afternoon, when he dropped in to work on his car. We have the names of everybody who was in the garage that day. All have good alibis for the night Faure vanished."

"Anything else?"

"Yes. Faure had dropped into the garage unexpectedly that day. He was working on his car when he was called to answer the telephone. A man named Roux was calling. Faure told the garage attendant who called him to the phone that he knew no one of that name. But he answered it, and said he had been engaged to come with his car that night to meet Roux on Corgnac Road—and to come prepared for a long drive."

"This fellow Roux. Did you find him?"

"Yes. Pierre Roux. We questioned him. Says he never heard of Faure; certainly never telephoned him. And I believe the man is telling the truth."

Commissaire Fressard studied the list of chauffeurs, patrons, and employees who had visited the Maupas Road garage on the Thursday of the disappearance.

"Roux is not on this list," he said. "If Etienne Faure visited the garage unexpectedly last Thursday, how could Roux know it unless he too had been there? Maybe some one on this list telephoned Faure, gave Roux's name. Ask Roux if he knows any one listed here."

Roux did. He looked at the list and put his finger on one of the names and said: "This man! He's a tricky one and I can tell you about him, all right."

The Sûreté inspectors read the name: "Charles Barataud."

Barataud, Roux said, had come to him weeks before. Barataud said he knew an eccentric farmer who wished to sell a forest. Did Roux know of a buyer? Roux interested M. Lascoux, a wealthy lumber merchant.

Barataud, in a car, picked the two men up at four o'clock in the morning of Friday the 13th, the day after Faure's disappearance. His client, he explained, was eccentric; would sell only for spot cash; would talk business only in the hour after breakfast. Did Lascoux have the money?

Lascoux did. Six hundred thousand francs, in cash, in his pockets.

Roux said they drove out into the country. Barataud stopped the car and got out. When he came back, he carried an ax. He clutched it in upraised hand, eyed them strangely, then seemed to change his mind. He got in the car, turned around, and drove back into town with no other explanation than that the "deal was off."

The Sûreté inspector questioning Roux asked:

"This road where Barataud stopped. Was it Corgnac Road?"

"Yes."

"And the car Barataud was driving. Was it a taxi?"

"I don't know. It was too dark to see a meter. All I know is that it was a Chenard."

The men from the Sûreté soon found that Barataud had a dossier. He was the only child of a wealthy porcelain manufacturer. Educated at Saint-Cyr. Served with distinction in the war. Had an income of 40,000 francs. He did not work, had never been in trouble. He was a local tennis champion, frequented night clubs, liked to play the part of a woman in amateur theatricals, had neither wife nor mistress, spent most of his time with a nineteen-year-old youth named Bertrand Peynet.

Coming soon! Another true story of a sensational murder in France in which the Sûreté deals with a grisly crime of passion! Watch for the curious case of the beautiful barefoot woman in white.

He was brought into the office of Commissaire Fressard—a slender, clear-skinned, brown-haired, perfectly poised chap. He admitted the Roux incident, passed it off as a practical joke.

"Hardly a joke," said Fressard. "Your dossier shows that your car is a Panhard. Such a car was seen early Thursday night trailing Etienne Faure's Chenard. Faure vanished; probably murdered. And the car you used for your practical joke was a Chenard. You knew Faure. You had been to the garage that afternoon; had seen him. You made the appointment with him to meet on Corgnac Road, where you later played your joke. You used Roux' name to hire Faure. You used Faure's Chenard to drive Roux and Lascoux."

"But it wasn't Faure's car I used."

"Then whose was it?"

"Let me speak to my friend Bertrand Peynet," said Barataud. "Then I will tell you all."

They humored him. They took him to the house of the younger man. The pair seemed merely to exchange greetings. But Barataud managed secretly to tell his friend: "Be at my home at nine tonight."

He went back to the station with the officers. He gave his confession. Obviously it was a lie. He said his car had broken down Thursday night. He had hailed Faure, who happened by in his taxi. They had quarreled. In self-defense, Barataud said, he had shot the taxi driver. He had tossed his body into a quarry outside Limoges. That, too, later proved a lie. There was no body in the quarry. But it was a wedge; a preliminary confession.

"Sign it, please," said Fressard.

Barataud shook his head.

"Not unless you let me break this news to my father myself. He is an invalid. It will be a great shock."

Once again they humored him. They took him to his home. They let him go upstairs alone. He went into a room and locked the door, and a moment later a gun blasted.

The alarmed detectives rushed up the stairs, smashed in the door. There was a dead man there, sitting quietly at a desk, his face so bloody that for a moment detectives did not recognize Barataud's friend, Bertrand Peynet. No one else seemed to be in the room. Peynet had been writing something. A detective grabbed it up before it became too crimson to read. A short note, it read: "All is over between us, Mimi." Charles Barataud was "Mimi."

He stepped from behind the smashed door at that moment, a rifle in his hands.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry this happened." He lit a cigarette with unshaking fingers. "It was to be a suicide pact, gentlemen. I'm afraid I've only carried out half of it. Poor Bertrand!"

Commissaire Fressard took him back to headquarters.

"We have had enough for one night," he said. "Will you sign that confession now, please?"

Barataud grinned.

"But I have no intention of signing it. It is quite false and I withdraw it. I did not kill Faure. In fact, I know nothing whatever about his disappearance."

The Sûreté found itself in possession of an extremely slippery murderer—and no case. Starting at scratch, Commissaire Fressard began unraveling the enigma.

Obviously, Charles Barataud had made the confession merely as a ruse—a stall—to arrange an appointment with young Peynet. Had Peynet been murdered because he had guilty knowledge of the Faure disappearance? Or had Peynet been involved in that disappearance?

Friends furnished the dead Peynet with an alibi for the evening of Thursday, January 12. Barataud had, then, murdered his young friend for one of three possible reasons: 1—Jealousy; 2—He feared what Peynet might testify against him; 3—It had really been a suicide pact that miscarried.

But what of the missing taxi driver, Etienne Faure?

His body was found on January 19, skull crushed, hidden in the weeds in the river Vancou, near Varogne. He had been dead a week.

That still left unanswered the question: Why had Barataud, a man with an income of 40,000 francs, murdered an impoverished taxi driver?

Investigation by the Sûreté disclosed that, for all his income, Charles Barataud at the time of the murder was almost penniless and deeply in debt.

"I think," Commissaire Fressard told his men, "that what happened was this: Barataud conceived the fiction of a wealthy eccentric farmer who wished to sell a forest. Roux, acting as agent in hopes of winning a fat commission, interested the lumber merchant Lascoux.

"Barataud hated Roux; had tried unsuccessfully to borrow from him before the murder. Pretending to be Roux, he called the garage; made an appointment to meet Etienne Faure at a lonely spot on Corgnac Road. Faure, unsuspecting, came that night. Barataud murdered him with an ax, hid his body, and stole his car. He planned to pick up Roux and Lascoux—the latter with 600,000 francs in cash in his pockets, remember—that same night, drive them out Corgnac Road in Faure's auto.

"He would murder them both, leave them in Faure's car. All suspicion would point to the missing Faure.

"Barataud would drive home in his Panhard which was hidden near by. It was a perfect murder plot. Every one who could connect him with it would be dead.

"But he lost his nerve at the last minute. He drove Lascoux and Roux out to that lonely spot before daybreak. He left the taxi and walked into the woods where his car was hidden. He came back with the ax upraised—and then Charles Barataud's nerve turned to water and he passed the whole thing off as a joke and drove back to town. From there on the joke was on him."

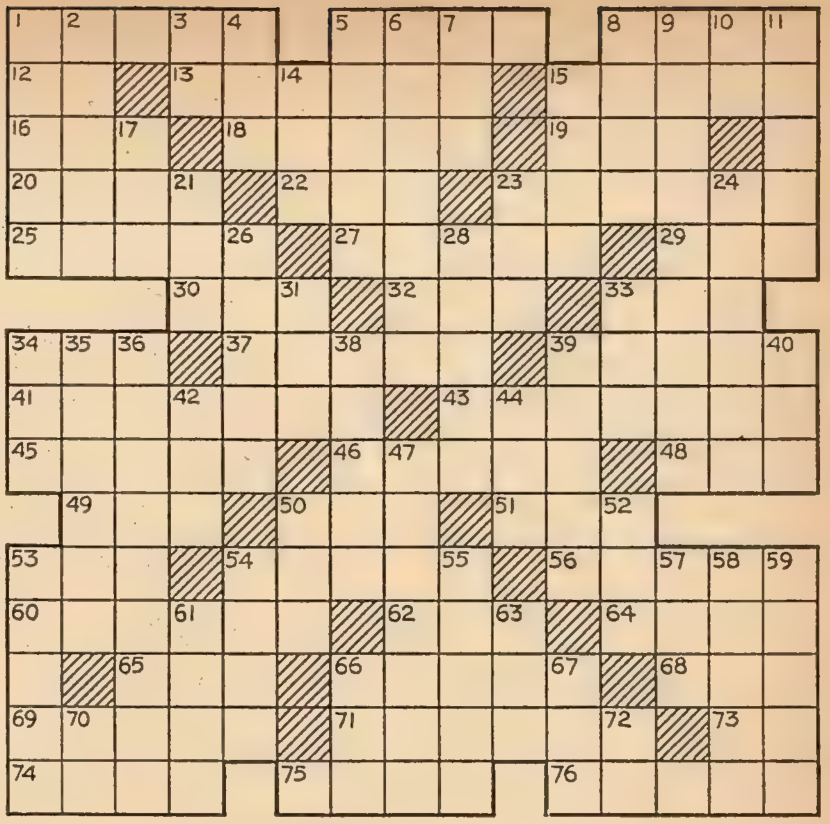
A rather grim joke, it proved.

Charles Barataud went to trial. He had no defense and was quickly found guilty of the murders of both Faure and Peynet—and of the theft of a taxi. A technical error by the jury foreman saved him from the guillotine and he was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor in Guiana.

That night, in Limoges, an enraged, protesting labor crowd broke every window in the factory of Charles Barataud's wealthy father.

THE END

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 To gather
5 A fish
8 A Scotchman
12 An interjection
13 Wall separating two cavities (biol.)
15 Available
16 Away from
18 A coronet
19 Cooking utensil
20 Toward the sea
22 Nothing
23 Tract of soft, wet ground
25 One of ten equal parts
27 Rekindled
29 Female deer
30 Consume
32 Color
33 A tree
34 One hundred thousand
37 Become overheated or parched
39 Partially carbonized vegetable material (pl.)
41 Members of a South African tribe
43 Village in Massachusetts
45 Wind round a cleat
46 Luster
48 Comprehend
49 No
50 A mound
51 A bill
53 Ecclesiastic's title (abbr.)
54 Scrimper
56 Liquid measure (var.)
60 Peaceful
62 Grassland
64 Deity of ancient Semitic races
65 Fabulous bird
66 Mortgages
68 Lip of a cup
69 Exultant
71 Set down in writing
73 Japanese measure
74 Renowned Italian actress
75 Solicits alms
76 German rifleman (var.)

VERTICAL

1 Exult
2 Insect
3 While
4 Snare
5 One of a series of steps
6 Pitchers
7 Ecclesiastical wine vessel
8 Box
9 Natives of a British dominion
10 Conjunction
11 Taut
14 Something used in a bowling alley
15 A particular place
17 Five and five
21 Partook of nourishment
23 Middle
24 Sally
26 One who is rapacious
28 River of forgetfulness (myth.)
31 Moreover
33 Boggy land
34 Tennis stroke
35 An officer of the king's stables (hist.)
36 County in California
38 Domestic equines
39 A pad or cushion
40 Compass point
42 Woman's name
44 Japanese coin
47 Leaning over
50 A nervous twitching
52 To tipple
53 Severed by splitting
54 Small rodents
55 Tall grasses
57 A dark, oily liquid
58 To elevate
59 Man's first name
61 Take cognizance of
63 Species of blackbird
66 To tell a falsehood
67 A filthy habitation
70 Symbol for an element
72 Assyrian deity

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

J	E	R	S	E	Y	C	I	T	Y		B	O	S	H
A	X	I	S	■	E	L	S	I	E		A	N	T	I
	P	O	W	■	S	A	I	L	S		R	E	A	P
S	O	T	■	A	S	P	S	■	W	O	O	■	N	P
T	R	■	P	I	E	S	■	T	O	R	N	A	D	O
U	T	T	E	R	S	■	C	O	M	A	■	A	S	P
F	E	E	L	S	■	L	A	P	E	L	S	■	■	O
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Last week's answer

..JUST TRY TO GET AWAY!

YES! ROMANCE LASTS FOR GIRLS WHO GUARD AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

YOU'VE BEEN MARRIED FIVE YEARS? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A BRIDE. THE FUSS YOUR HUSBAND MAKES OVER YOU! NO WONDER, THOUGH, WITH THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"!
WISH I COULD FIND SOMETHING THAT WOULD IMPROVE MY COMPLEXION! IT'S SO DRY, LIFELESS AND COARSE-LOOKING. I HAVE REGULAR "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! BECAUSE I HAD THE SAME TROUBLE BEFORE I CHANGED TO PALMOLIVE!
YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE. CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
THANKS FOR THE TIP. I'LL TRY PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY.
IF IT'S LOVE YOU WANT, USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

DOCTOR'S FORMULA
QUICKLY RELIEVES ITCHING, BURNING OF
ECZEMA

30 YRS. CONTINUOUS SUCCESS

If skin on your face, legs, arms or hands is covered with red, scaly, itching Eczema like left above and you'd like it lovely and smoother like right—see your Doctor about proper diet (such as one free from rich gravies and pastries), drink plenty of water AND to help nature promote faster healing BY ALL MEANS use powerful antiseptic *liquid* Zemo, famous original formula of Dr. J. H. Rose.

Soothing, cooling Zemo brings quick relief from even intense itching. It contains 18 different, speedy-acting, effective medicants long valued for aiding the healing of pimples, acne, ringworm and other annoying skin irritations of external origin. Even cases other products didn't help report prompt results with Zemo.

Stainless, *invisible*—leave Zemo liquid on day or night while it wonderfully helps your skin. Only 35¢. Real severe cases may need the $1.25 Extra Strength. All drug stores.

Here Are the Winners

LIBERTY'S $750 WORDS WITHIN WORDS CONTEST

First Prize, $300

Mrs. G. E. Walker
Santa Ana, Calif.

Second Prize, $100

Bud Kline
Janesville, Wis.

Third Prize, $50

Heyward L. Leavitt
Belmont, Mass.

10 Prizes, Each $10

S. P. Beard, Peoria, Ill.; Don L. Browne, Fremont, Neb.; Vera Carver, Wenatchee, Wash.; Rita L. Chew, Ballston Spa, N. Y.; Mrs. G. G. Dyer, Lafayette, Ind.; Delia Hildeman, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Pauline Hintz, Kiester, Minn.; Mrs. George Russell, Quincy, Mass.; F. H. Stief, Cleveland, Ohio; Charles Temple, Hoboken, N. J.

40 Prizes, Each $5

Laurence S. Adams, Barstow, Calif.; George V. Argabright, San Francisco, Calif.; Miss E. E. Barber, New York, N. Y.; William G. Caldwell, San Francisco, Calif.; H. K. Cooper, Arlington, Va.; Belle M. Cornue, Malvern, Ark.; Chester C. Culp, San Pedro, Calif.; Mae Evans, San Francisco, Calif.; Horace E. Farwell, San Francisco, Calif.; Benjamin H. Feuer, New York, N. Y.; R. F. Foley, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Frank Gibney, San Francisco, Calif.; William B. Groves, Yellow Springs, Ohio; William E. Heinemann, Chicago, Ill.; William C. Hendricks, San Francisco, Calif.; Julia Hildeman, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Amelia Hildeman, Portland, Ore.; Leonard Hildeman, Portland, Ore.; William Kurze, Grand Rapids, Mich.; W. Eugene LeHuquet, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mavis Link, Portland, Ore.; Elwood H. Lins, Dayton, Ohio; Mrs. J. E. McKimmey, Omaha, Neb.; J. F. Norvell, Marissa, Ill.; Juanita Philpott, Los Angeles, Calif.; Leona Philpott, Los Angeles, Calif.; Albert C. Plonteau, San Francisco, Calif.; Leslie D. Reese, Denver, Colo.; Anne Roller, Portland, Ore.; Julianne Roller, Portland, Ore.; C. H. Smith, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. H. J. Smith, Omaha, Neb.; Rufus T. Strohm, Scranton, Pa.; D. W. Summerfield, Newark, N. J.; Anna Taylor, Chicago, Ill.; Fred Tazza, San Francisco, Calif.; Dr. Ella J. Welch, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Eva M. Welch, Portland, Ore.; Henry C. Wilbank, Allentown, Pa.; E. R. Wilson, Overbrook Manor, Pa.

YOUR FORTUNE IN THE STARS!

$2,000 CASH PRIZE STARGAZING CONTEST

ENTER NOW! YOU STILL CAN WIN!

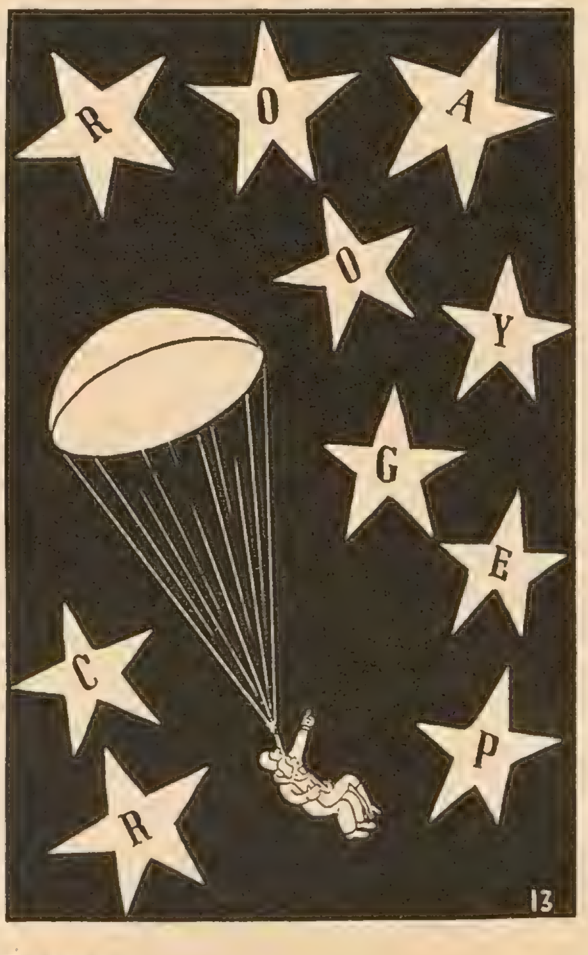
THIS may be your big chance to extra money! Don't neglect it! You can start an entry today with ample time to make up the first several solutions and be even with the field as the finish is approaching. Start now. Read the brief rules and then find the names revealed by the stars this week. Save them. Now if you need the first dozen drawings, write to the contest address in Rule 6, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. The reprints will be forwarded without delay. When they arrive you can solve them at your leisure. In the meantime watch for drawings 15 and 16 next week.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated August 6, 1938.
2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.
3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.
4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The entertainer named in this contest whom I like best, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Friday, August 19, 1938, the closing date of this contest.
7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, or Radio Mirror magazines.



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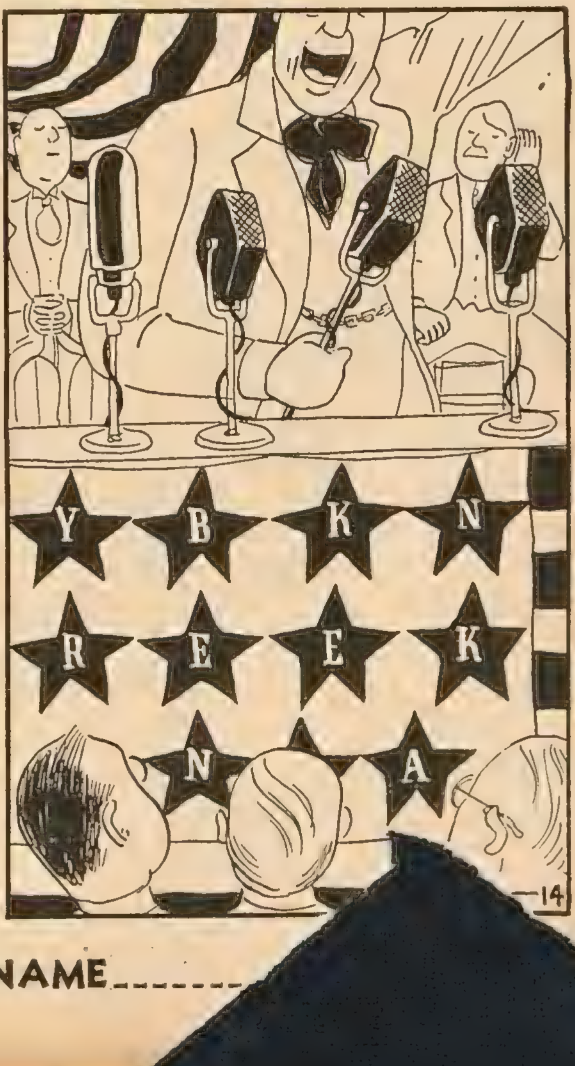
NAME________________________



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NAME______

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

We TWO are THREE again

When love walked in . . . A tale that will tug at your heart—The story of two empty lives and one small boy

BY AUDREY D. MOUNTAIN

SANDRA SELDES lifted quiet eyes to the calendar clock on the mantel. Nine o'clock, September ninth. A year ago tonight, before ever the dawn of his ninth birthday, little Roger—Sandra thought, as she had thought a thousand times, ninth day, ninth month, ninth year.

Halma had reduced the kitchen to exquisite order, and gone home. Sandra and Jud, and the great shepherd, Black Boy, asleep on the hearth, were alone in the quiet house. Jud was watching her again over his magazine. Wanting her to speak. Wanting to get closer to her.

She got up. Black Boy lifted his noble head and thumped his black tail. Jud put down his magazine.

His arms were open when Sandra reached them. She curled down against his heart, and nuzzled lips, actually still a little shy after eleven years of marriage, against his brown neck. Jud's finger under her chin tilted her face until he could see her.

"Hello, sweetheart," he said softly. "I was wondering if you'd forgotten you were married to me."

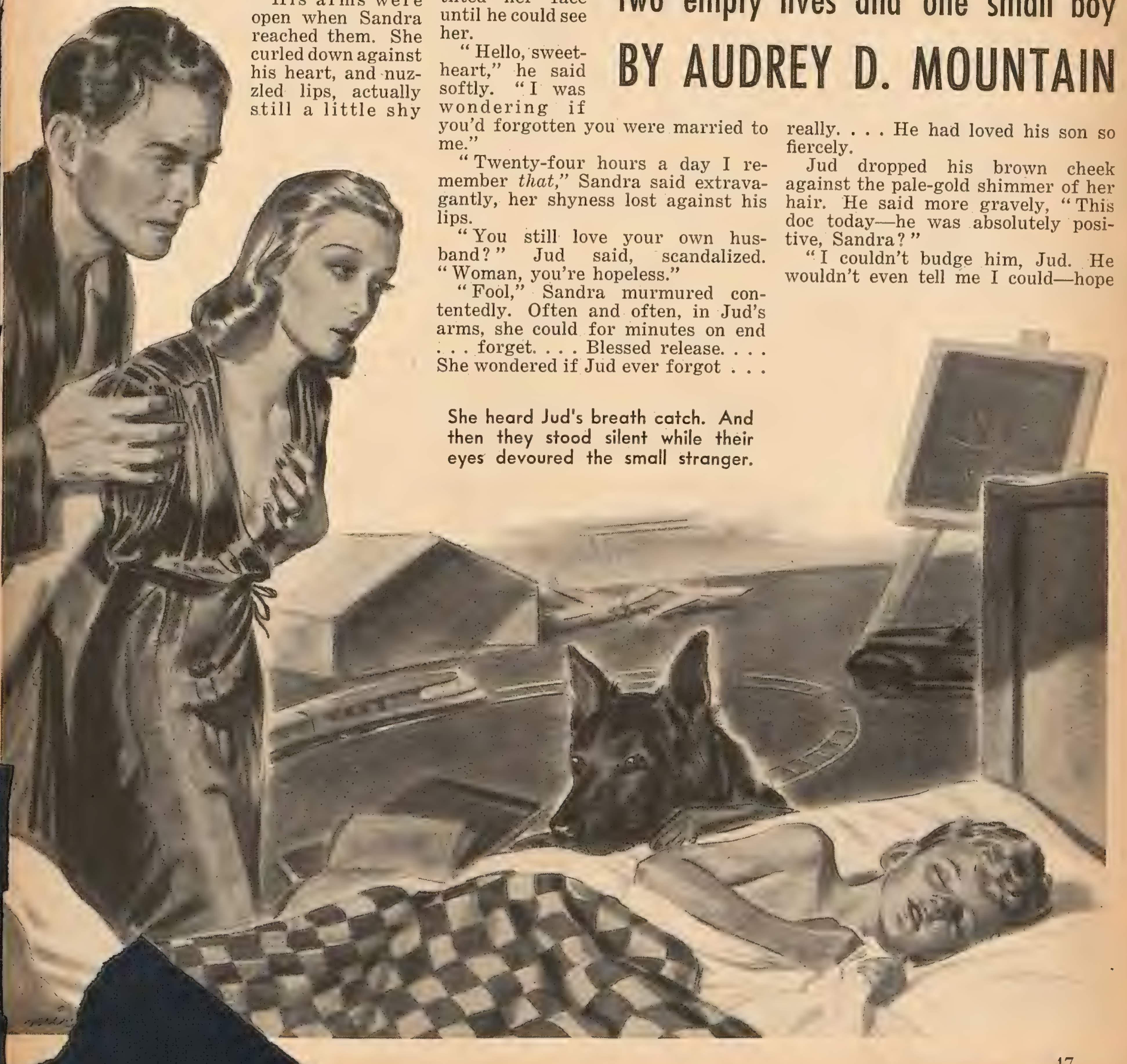
"Twenty-four hours a day I remember *that,*" Sandra said extravagantly, her shyness lost against his lips.

"You still love your own husband?" Jud said, scandalized. "Woman, you're hopeless."

"Fool," Sandra murmured contentedly. Often and often, in Jud's arms, she could for minutes on end . . . forget. . . . Blessed release. . . . She wondered if Jud ever forgot . . . really. . . . He had loved his son so fiercely.

Jud dropped his brown cheek against the pale-gold shimmer of her hair. He said more gravely, "This doc today—he was absolutely positive, Sandra?"

"I couldn't budge him, Jud. He wouldn't even tell me I could—hope



She heard Jud's breath catch. And then they stood silent while their eyes devoured the small stranger.

for another baby." Sandra's blue eyes turned to the hearth flames. She could not, just then, look at Jud.

"He's the fourth one to say the same thing," he said thoughtfully. After a moment he pulled her up until she was sitting erect on his knees.

"Don't you think this settles it, dear? Can you agree now that it's wise to get rid of Roger's things?"

Sandra had a sick certainty that Jud had barely kept his voice from faltering over those last four words.

Black Boy pricked his ears sharply at the beloved name. He came majestically to his two remaining gods, put his beautiful head on Sandra's hand. Her fingers moved caressingly around his silky ears. She tried fiercely to force out a quiet "Yes." But the word would not come. She crumpled into Jud's arms.

AUDREY D. MOUNTAIN

has wandered a good deal in countries around the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. During an aerial expedition with her husband in Arabia, she was the first woman to fly over the land of the Midianites. She now lives in Kansas City, where her husband is a pilot for an air line.

"Wise, yes," she said unsteadily. "But—oh, Jud, I've hoped so for another baby—"

"I've—hoped, too," Jud said grimly. "But, Sandra, if it isn't going to do us any good to hope, let's make a guest room out of his room. We've been crazy to keep it that way so long. If I'd been smart, I'd have taken you out to dinner and a show and a night club tonight—"

"A . . . year . . . tonight," Sandra whispered.

She lifted her head to look at him imploringly. "Jud, if you could just let me adopt a child?"

"I—can't," he muttered. "I don't know how to put it into words, but— My child, or no child. I can't seem to help it. . . . Look. Let's take a picture of the room just as he—just as he left it. Then tomorrow I'll send men out to take everything away, and we'll buy new fittings for it."

With Jud trying so gallantly to help her, to make this cruel thing even a little easier for her, she could not fail him. She was no longer mother, but she was still wife—and lover. Not once had Jud failed her since that bright pearl-clear morning when she had gone into small Roger's room to awaken him for school—and found him beyond all earthly waking. . . .

When she looked at Jud again she was smiling.

"All right, dear."

"Good girl!" Black Boy's plumy tail moved slowly in assent to the approval in his master's voice. "Let's fix the room, and I'll set up the camera while you get the milk and cookies. Have you any oatmeal ones?"

"I . . . got some today," Sandra said very low. Big brown chewy cookies, the kind Roger liked so well. Had liked, that is, she corrected herself carefully. On the eve of his birthday each year, Sandra had slipped into his room after he slept, and left beside his bed a glass of milk and three of the brown cookies, as his first surprise of his birthday morning.

On the pearl-clear morning Sandra had found them there, untouched.

THE red-and-white room was heartbreakingly neat. When Roger lived there, it had been forever strewn with the precious junk a little boy gathers from nowhere.

Sandra turned down the checked counterpane. Jud took from the white chests and toy cupboards the red steel truck Roger had had for his last Christmas. Sandra laid on the white pillow the shabby picture book Roger had read in bed, dropped on the floor before the big table and blackboard the huddle of battered milk-bottle tops Roger had loved.

On their small hangers in Roger's closet, his pajamas and bathrobe still waited, a pair of little red slippers stood patiently in their rack. Sandra's hands shook as she laid the garments on the opened bed and set the slippers beside it.

The great black dog turned from Jud to Sandra in bewilderment. He sniffed the toys, still permeated with the beloved boy-scent. He raised his head to whine sharply. He whimpered, nosing pajamas and bathrobe, he pawed feverishly at the little red slippers, his excited tongue kissed again and again the worn picture book.

Sandra touched him gently. Black Boy looked up eagerly into her face. He was trembling. After a moment he whined again and dropped to the floor, his black muzzle across the red slippers. He gave a long sobbing sigh and was still.

Jud turned abruptly and went out of the room.

Sandra softly touched the snowy pillow. Roger had never had an unhappy moment in all his nearly nine joyous, perfect years. Even death had spoken to him gently. Then why? *Why?*

She sighed sharply. Black Boy quivered at the sound but did not raise his head. She brought the glass of milk and the plate of brown cookies, and the dog still lay unstirring. She tried to give him a piece of cookie she had brought him. His nose twitched but he did not move. A cool breeze from an open window lightly stirred the silky black ruff across his massive shoulders.

"Sandra!" Jud called from the living room.

"Yes, dear?"

"Mother's nurse is on the phone. Mother wants us to come out to see her. Miss Haley says she's lonesome. What d'you say?"

Sandra came into the living room, still carrying the cookie Black Boy had refused. The light breeze swung the door of the red-and-white room softly shut. Sandra did not hear the latch click.

"Of course, Jud, we'll go. . . . What about the . . . picture?"

Jud put his arm around her shoulders as he said into the phone, "Tell mom we'll be out in twenty minutes, Miss Haley." He hung up. "I'll take it in the morning, before I go to the office, sweetheart. Wear the new coat and hat, h'm? Mom will like seeing them. Do you know you're an extremely beautiful wench, and that I'm ca-razy about you? Let's declare a dividend—another kiss?"

He was back under control, a little relieved.

"No one can tell me the honeymoon ends in six months," she said pertly, participating in the dividend. "You're too devoted a husband to be real!"

"That," said Jud cheerfully, "is because I'm your lover first and your husband second."

That was so true that Sandra was really smiling as she put on the new coat and hat. How unutterably fortunate she was to be so beloved! Roger had never separated them, but this last year had drawn them even closer together.

If only that year had brought them the promise of another child!

IT was very late when they got home, and Sandra slid sleepily into bed without a thought of Black Boy. When she woke, her first thought went to the dog.

She remembered, then, how the light in Roger's room had splintered against the silky ruff across the dog's shoulders. Poor old boy, had he stayed there all night, grieving over Roger's slippers? They had left the lights on, too. She had forgotten to turn them off when Miss Haley telephoned.

She wrapped a dressing gown about her and kissed the air toward Jud, blinking at her from his bed.

"Hello, darling. We left Black Boy in Roger's room all night."

"Tell him to come in and wake me up," Jud muttered sleepily.

She opened the door of the red-and-white room. The dog was not at the door.

The lights were out.

She could see only the foot of the bed from where she stood. The pillow was now propped carefully against the footboard. An empty milk glass, an empty cookie plate stood on the floor beside the red truck.

Her hand over her shaking mouth, she took one more step. She could see the bed. . . .

Black Boy lay on guard by the bed, as if he had lain so all night. He lifted his head, and for the first time in his devoted life he growled at Sandra. Very softly. Not in menace. The mere whisper of sound was only a warning to her to tread softly.

She tiptoed cautiously nearer, almost afraid to breathe. The dirtiest, thinnest, whitest boy she had ever seen lay drowned in sleep but not surrendered to it. His long body hardly ridged the covers under the gay checked counterpane. Why had he stood the pillow so carefully against the footboard and turned the sheet back over the fluffy blankets in such heartbreaking solicitude? If he were accustomed to being as dirty as he was now, would he know enough to be afraid of soiling an immaculate bed?

She raced down the hall to Jud.

"He's in—Roger's bed—!"

Jud sat up in bed, sudden fear in his eyes.

"Roger?" he said, in a thick strained whisper.

"No. How could it be Roger? . . . Come and see!"

Instantly Jud was beside her. They went down the hall together, and again from his unstirring station by the bed, Black Boy cautioned them to stillness.

She heard Jud's breath catch. And then they stood silent, his arm tense across her trembling shoulders, while their eyes devoured the small stranger.

HIS mop of tawny hair, long uncut, sprayed on the white sheet. His black eyelashes, in circles of unchildish shadow, fell heavily on thin transparent cheeks where tears and dirt and brown cookie crumbs were crazily streaked. His fine, pitifully thin hands were not relaxed as a child's should be in sleep. They clutched the top sheet's hem. Now and then he drew a ragged breath not quite a sob.

In a neat pile on the rug lay a ragged filthy pair of blue overalls and an equally ragged, even filthier, cheap blue shirt. Not another stitch. He was naked. Roger's pajamas were still on the bed.

Jud said, almost angrily, "He's filthy—" as if he resented the child's presumption in touching Roger's bed. Then, "How did he get here?"

Sandra said, softly serene, "God sent him. He saw the lights on, and crawled in through the window probably. It was open."

"But Black Boy—"

"Black Boy— Oh, Jud, don't you see? Black Boy has put him in—Roger's place. . . ."

"Poor little devil, he looks half-starved," Jud said more gently. "Wonder where he belongs?"

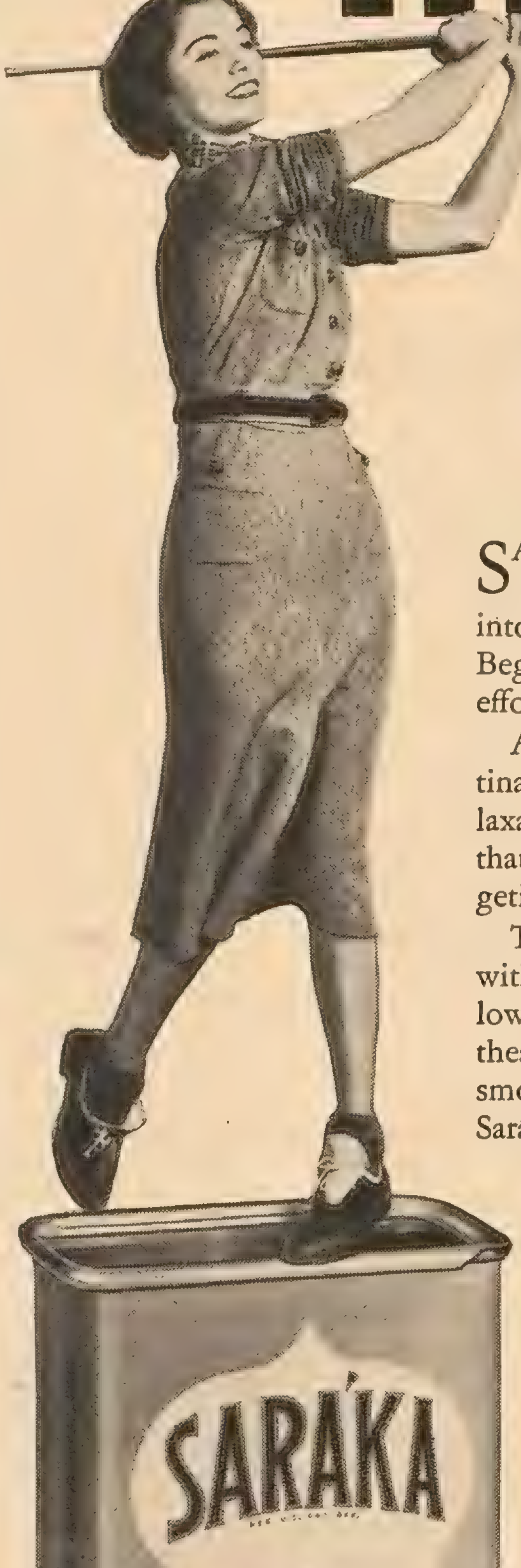
"Jud—" It was on her tongue to say that the child belonged *here.*

The boy's black-fringed trembling lids suddenly unveiled deep, soft brown eyes. And even in the instant of waking, they were glazed with stark terror.

The child did not seem to breathe. Sandra and Jud stood immobile. Black Boy, his tail beating a joyous tattoo against Sandra's knees, eagerly thrust a welcoming black muzzle under the boy's thin hand.

Th boy's eyes, after one swift sur of Jud, remained glued to Sa His hand clung to Black B zle, as if the dog were his n a hostile world.

A Real Basis for Better HEALTH



. . . the Laxative with Exercising action

SAY this to yourself—"I was born to be healthy. I refuse to allow constipation to change me into the kind of person who never feels *really well.* Beginning right now, I'm going to make a real effort to win back my youthful regularity."

As the first step in your drive for better intestinal health, investigate Saráka. Saráka* is the laxative with "exercising action"—the laxative that helps turn lazy intestinal muscles into energetic workers for your better health.

The package of Saráka illustrated below is filled with tiny brown granules. They are easily swallowed with a drink of water. Inside the intestines, these granules absorb water and turn into soft, smooth BULK. This extra bulk is the secret of Saráka's famous exercising action. *It gives the intestinal muscles something to exercise on.*

Results are thorough but not violent. Many users are reminded of their healthy childhood days when constipation was not thought of.

In addition to supplying needed bulk, Saráka also contains a specially treated cortex frangula which mildly stimulates the intestinal muscles. So you have *Bulk Plus Motility.** Ask your doctor about this double action. We are confident he will tell you it is safe and non-habit forming. Then try Saráka. See for yourself how pleasant it is to take—*and how pleasant after taking.* Ask your druggist for the new 49-cent Handi-size. Or mail the coupon for the free trial-size tin.

NEW HANDI-SIZE

If you only need a laxative occasionally, ask your druggist for the new "Handi-size" of Saráka. This new 49-cent size is more than twice as large as the can illustrated above.

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Sign below for a free trial-size tin of Saráka. Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada.

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ADDRESS..

....

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Sandra put out a hand in greeting and appeal—

Swiftly the child huddled in the farthest corner of the bed, his arm flying up to ward off a blow.

Sandra caught a sick breath. "Oh, don't—*don't* be afraid of me!"

"He let me in. He kissed me," the child panted, touching Black Boy again. His voice was rich and pure, his articulation exquisite.

She smiled. "He was waiting for you, I think. He already loves you."

For an instant a glory grew in the boy's thin face as his hand moved on the dog's eager head. Then the old fear swamped the new glory.

"He told me I could sleep in this bed. He helped me play with the red truck. He let me eat the cookies and drink the milk. I was so tired—and *hungry!*"

"Are you hungry now?" Sandra's heart felt too big for her breast, but she made herself smile.

He nodded.

Jud said, unintentionally harsh from strain, "What's your name?"

The child quivered as if a lash had struck him. He spoke to Sandra, his eyes flicking back from Jud's face to hers.

"Kim—Kimberley— I won't tell you my whole name. If I did, you'd send me back to *her*."

"Wasn't *she* kind to you?" Sandra whispered.

He shook his head. She had thought his face colorless before. It was ghastly now. He turned convulsively to show them the dreadful stripes and bruises on his bony back. . . .

JUD made a choked ugly sound. Sandra knew that cruelty to a child had always sent Jud a little mad. It moved him now, intolerably. He swung round abruptly, went into the bathroom. From over the sudden rush of water in the tub he called back roughly:

"Kim, come here, and let's wash off some of that dirt! You must be clean before you eat."

Kim shrank back. "He—he sounds— Didn't he like me to sleep in this clean bed?" he faltered.

Sandra's voice had tears in it under her smile. "He's angry at *her*, not you," she said tremulously. She put the terry-cloth robe about Kim's shoulders. A pang knifed through her. How sturdy Roger's shoulders had been under that familiar little robe! And Kim's—

Kim laid his cold cheek against her hand timidly. "You're—nice. Like my mummy." His eyes adored her shyly.

"Where is mummy?"

"She's dead," Kim whispered. "She liked boys. Do you?"

Sandra nodded. When she could speak, "Where's your daddy, Kim?"

Kim said casually, "I guess I never had a daddy. Are they nice?"

Sandra, pierced by a sudden memory of Jud and Roger romping and laughing together, couldn't answer that.

"How old are you, Kim?"

"Eight and a half, going on nine," he said proudly.

Her heart wrenched again. So very near Roger's age.

"Run along now to Jud and get nice and clean, while I fix your breakfast."

"May he come along?" Kim touched Black Boy.

"I expect he'll insist on coming. He likes boys, too."

Sandra wanted passionately to stay with Jud while he bathed Kim. But some instinct bade her let Jud minister to Kim's abused little body alone. She went to the kitchen, to startle Halma with a flurry of orders.

Jud came in before the meal was ready. "Better make it a tray, honey. He's so weak he shouldn't be made to sit up to eat."

Sandra stared at him. "Is—is he ill, Jud?"

"He's got fever. He's been starved until he's nothing but skin and bone. How in God's name could any child in this age get into such a shape?" Jud said angrily.

Sandra tucked her arm through his, led him into the dining room, beyond Halma's curious ears. She hid her eyes against his sleeve. She was trembling.

"Darling, it seems like a—miracle—his coming. When we wanted—a child—so much—"

The rigidity of Jud's arm stopped her. He had not until that moment realized the hope thudding in her heart.

"Sandra, you can't mean— He's not ours, dear! He—"

"He—he's so much like—Roger!" Sandra said unsteadily, imploringly. "Let's keep him, Jud!"

"He's not ours!" Jud said flatly.

"Darling, darling, think! Roger's room, Roger's clothes, Roger's toys—all those things we were to have sent away today—think how this boy needs them! Why should he have come last night, in time to stop our sending those things away, if he hadn't been meant to have them? Think if it were Roger, Jud!—Roger's life and future and happiness, Roger's very food, being haggled over by two people who weren't willing to give the gifts they held in their hands!" Sandra said passionately.

Jud winced. "All right, I'll support him. But he couldn't ever take Roger's place, Sandra. He's not ours, and his people may be frantic about him."

"Could people capable of being frantic about a lost child conceivably treat a child as Kim has obviously been treated?" she demanded hotly. "You know they couldn't, Jud! His mother is dead. He hasn't a father—"

"That's what he says. He may be the shrewdest liar in Christendom!" Jud shrugged.

"Jud, is he? Can you look at him and think that? *Can* you?"

Jud stooped to kiss her unsteady mouth. "No, I can't, my embattled little sweetheart. I believe him. But just the same, his people must be traced, or those who had the care of him. He doesn't belong to us; he may be on the verge of serious illness. We must find out where he came from. . . . Darling, don't look at me like that! I'm not inhuman. He's very nearly the most appealing child I've ever seen. I even wish he were our flesh and blood, our true son. But he isn't."

Sandra said timidly, "Jud, I—I want him."

He loved her very much, and her pleading was hard to deny. When he shook his dark head and turned away, Sandra's heart, stilled in waiting, leaped wildly. That was surely only doubt and bewilderment!

WHEN she went into the bedroom with the tray, Kim lay propped against two fat pillows, his transparent skin flawlessly clean, his tawny hair, almost dry, trying rebelliously to escape from the sternly masculine slicking Jud had given it. The sleeves of Roger's blue pajama jacket were turned up neatly over frail wrists, his small pinched face above the broad blue collar was touched by a hectic flare of color. His brown eyes glittered feverishly.

Sandra smiled at him steadily above the joyous surge of her heart. He had made port at last. Somehow, somehow, she would be able to keep him. Surely he had not been sent without a reason.

Black Boy wagged a greeting to her from the bedside. He had not once left Kim. He sniffed at the tray, fell back politely for her to put it down before the child.

Kim's eyes widened. He said in an awed whisper: "*All* of it—for *me?*"

"Eat it slowly, Kim."

She sat by the bed while he ate. He had been well taught by some one.

Jud came in to listen, as she drew from Kim part of his story. His mummy's death, the orphanage. Later Kim had been sent to *her*, and he and the other boys were always hungry and dirty and ragged. They were whipped if they told, when the orphan people came to inspect, Kim said, shivering. There were other things, that even his halting phrases winced from. Sandra hurried him on. He had wandered for three days without food, after his escape from *her*, until he came at last to an open window, a glass of milk and three tempting cookies, and a great black dog who welcomed him joyously.

Sandra was crying when he finished. Jud had turned his frowning face to the window. Black Boy lay very still by the bed, his dark muzzle on Sandra's slipper.

Sandra said unsteadily, "Kim, what are you afr of? You're almost ill, and it's mostly from fear. T !"

Jud swung about to watch, still frowning. s flashed to the grim man-face, winced back t

"You'll — send me — back to — *her*—" he faltered.

Sandra turned. For the longest moment she was ever to live, Jud's eyes locked with hers. They might have been thinking with the same mind. Only Jud was afraid. And Sandra was not. . . .

"I don't know how to be gentle—and loving—and patient—with a child not mine," Jud said with difficulty. "Those things broke in me, Sandra, when Roger went away—"

"You'd learn again, my darling," she promised on a breath shaken by hope. "Soon, soon, he'd seem not *like* your own but *yours*."

"You'd have to carry more than your share of the load until then, if that time ever comes."

"I'd love him enough for both of us. The time would come, Jud. Truly!"

Jud drew a hard ragged breath. He stooped over her, kissed her. "God help us all to do this thing right!" he muttered. He knelt beside her, his arm about her waist. She put her hand on his shoulder.

Jud said gravely, "Kim, if I could make it legal for you to be here always, would you like to be our boy from now on?"

KIM'S whole small body began to shake against the pillows, in a merciless unbelief that seemed about to shatter him. His eyes lighted with an incredulous rapture that faded as they watched.

"You—you don't—want me—" he whispered.

Jud's mouth twisted. He said huskily, "Kim, little chap, we lost our little boy the way you lost your mummy. I thought I could never put any one in his place, but now I believe I can learn, if you'll be patient with me, and help me. You know how hard it is," he said simply, man to man. "I want you very much. Mother Sandra wants you. How about it? Will you be my boy, and let me be your daddy?"

Kim drew a great quivering breath. He nodded and laid his hand in Jud's outstretched palm, in muted acceptance and welcome of what Sandra saw he had hungered for. Mothers he knew about. But—

"My daddy Jud," he said under his breath, as if he could not yet quite believe, as if the sound of the lovely words would help him to believe. "My daddy Jud—"

Jud let Sandra go, and opened his arms without a word; and suddenly Kim's tawny head was hidden there, his small body lost in the sheltering hold.

Tears were beyond Kim at that moment. But Jud's eyes misted, as his dark head bent tenderly over the quivering child.

Grave ecstasy flooded Sandra's grateful heart. She said softly, her arm tight about Jud's shoulders, "Kimberley Seldes, second son of Judson and Sandra. . . . We two are three again. . . ."

THE END

William Gargan, featured with Beatrice Roberts in the Universal Picture, "Devil's Party", is one of the many to . . .

. . . congratulate Grace Phelan on winning the World's Amateur Typewriting Championship. She used . . .

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4
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READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Domestic Symphony

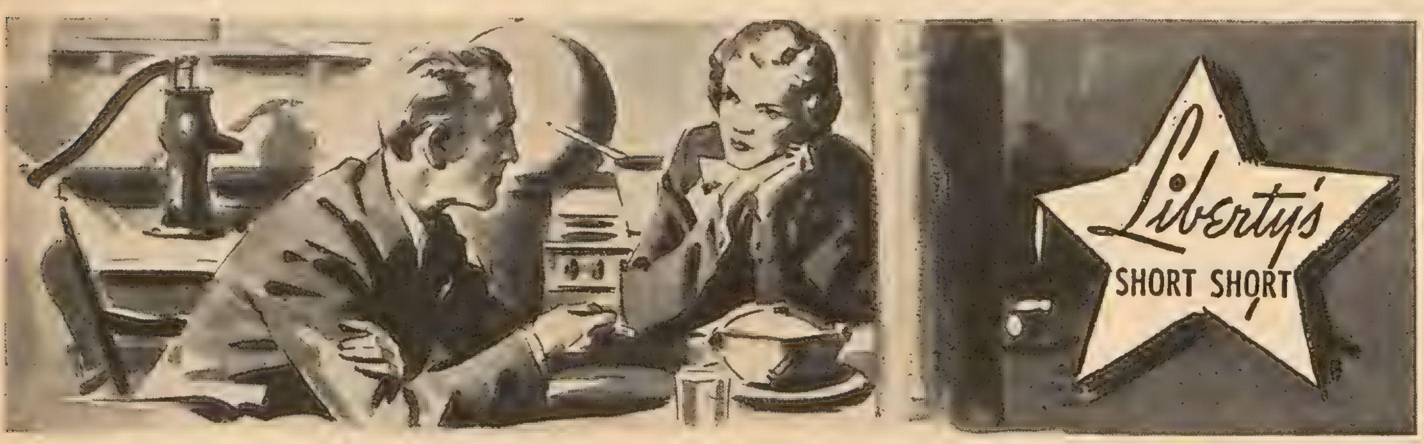
HIS hair was gray but his step was light. At the Silver Brook station he jumped from the train before it came to a full stop, and hurried up the hill whistling.

This was February and although it was only five in the afternoon, the windows of the small white house glowed orange from the lamps within. They beckoned with the warmth and comfort of home.

The front door was unlocked, and Martin entered.

"Hello, darling!" he called, and threw his hat and coat and muffler on the chair in the hall, although Serena often chided him gently for not hanging them in the closet.

Serena came out of the kitchen, wiping her hands on her apron. She did not mention his hat and coat nor even glance at them reprovingly. Martin's face was so full of tranquil joy that, instead, she merely smiled, and gazing into his eyes said, "So you did manage to get away early?"



"Yes. I stuffed a hundred letters I should have answered into my desk drawer and quit with a guilty conscience but a lovely feeling of escape."

He put his arms around her, kissed her, and held her close for a moment. Serena's hair was gray too, but her figure was slim and girlish and she had the clearest, bluest eyes. Then Martin said, releasing her reluctantly, "Well, where is it?"

"Where is what?"

"The toolbox. I thought you wanted me to come early so that I could fix those bookshelves."

"Darling, I thought you came early just to see me the sooner," she said.

He sobered. "I'd travel halfway round the world to see you, if necessary, Serena," he said. "But this afternoon I made a point of coming early to fix those dratted bookshelves. Where is the toolbox?"

"Martin, will you never learn where anything is kept?" she asked, in mock exasperation. "The toolbox is where it always is—in that closet under the stairs."

He fetched the toolbox and soon was whistling again, cheerfully engrossed in his task of repairing the supports of the bookshelves which had given way beneath the weight of the many books.

When he had finished, he called, "Serena!"

And when she came in he pointed with exaggerated pride to his handiwork. "Look, Serena! If an elephant sat on them now—"

She laughed. "I never knew a man so egotistic about his small accomplishments," she said.

He took her arm, but Serena pulled away from him and, stooping, touched a match to the wood fire which was ready laid. Then they sat on the couch, close together, gazing reflectively into the fire, profoundly content simply to be with each other. Presently, with an exclamation, Serena jumped up. "Good heavens!" she cried. "My pie! It will probably be burned to a crisp."

"What kind of pie is it?"

"Guess."

"Lemon meringue."

"Yes."

"Wonderful! You do spoil me, Serena."

"You're so easy to spoil, Mart. You ask so little. Go wash up now, my lamb."

There was no maid and they ate dinner in the kitchen. But it was a very nice kitchen, large and immaculate. This was a very old house in which the kitchen had once been the most important room. The old pump still stood by the sink, although of course running water had been installed two generations ago. And there was a table built around a post in the very center of the kitchen where, no doubt, the large family of a farmer had once sat, ravenous, as their meals were served them from the enormous old wood stove long since replaced, less picturesquely, by an electric range.

Martin and Serena liked to think that no one else had quite known the bliss they had shared here together. They sat now side by side at just one quarter of the large round table. There was lentil soup, a stew cunningly flavored with onion and herbs, the meringue pie, and large cups of steaming coffee.

At last Martin sat back with a sigh of repletion.

"Darling," he said, "you do know how to make a man happy. Here, within these four walls, I—I forget everything."

She looked at him quickly. "Are—are things very bad at the office?"

"No," he said. "We really shouldn't complain, but these are desperate days, my dear."

"And I'll have to have more oil for the furnace," Serena said regretfully. "I was hoping the present supply would last through the winter, but—"

He kissed her lightly. "My practical little housewife," he said, "that's a minor item. Don't let it worry you."

After dinner he went back to the living room while Serena cleared up, and he settled down to the exquisite comfort of a book and his pipe and the crackling fire.

When Serena came into the room, however, he looked at his watch and jumped to his feet.

"I suppose I'll have to go now," he said. "We try to pretend it's happiness, don't we, darling? But, as a matter of fact, it's only little shreds of happiness that we can snatch."

"How—how is she?" Serena faltered.

"She doesn't change. She just lies there and— Oh, Serena, if only I were free!"

"You can't do anything, Mart. We know that. You can't do anything while she is so helpless. You'd never forgive yourself if you did."

"I don't suppose I can," he agreed grimly. "After all, the accident that—that caused it all was my fault."

And he kissed her and opened the front door quietly and continued on his way to his own home where his invalid wife lay, silent, asking nothing, demanding everything.

THE END

BY MARK CHAMBERLAIN

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938! $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air. You can hear three dramatizations each week over the following stations: WMCA, New York; WCAU, Philadelphia; WLW, Cincinnati; WLS, Chicago; WHB, Kansas City; KFWB, Los Angeles; KFBK, Sacramento; KMJ, Fresno; KWG, Stockton; KERN, Bakersfield. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN'!

Paris Sends a Gift of Beauty

Also of skill, personality, and warmth in the person of Danielle Darrieux, now engagingly to be seen in her first American picture

By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD.
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ THE RAGE OF PARIS

THE PLAYERS: Danielle Darrieux, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mischa Auer, Louis Hayward, Helen Broderick, Charles Coleman, Samuel S. Hinds, Nella Walker, Harry Davenport. Original story and screen play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson. Directed by Henry Koster. Produced by Universal. Running time, 90 minutes.

IF you were among the small fortunate audience who saw Danielle Darrieux in the French Mayerling, then you will know when you witness The Rage of Paris that this beauty is also an actress of skill, personality, and warmth, for in this, her first American exhibit, they have given her the Kiki routine—all pouts, pajamas, and sex appeal. She carries this charade with such ardent grace that you forget its hoary age and are completely bewitched.

The story couldn't be much more routine. Miss Darrieux borrows three thousand dollars from Mischa Auer to pose as a wealthy girl and thus capture the attention of some likely young heir. She gets two heirs, Louis Hayward and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., close pals and old love rivals. But Mr. Fairbanks throws a sinister shadow across her golden path by remembering her as a model who had once tried to pose for him.

The plot keeps right on frustrating his telling Hayward all until the proper moment when our gay deceiver has made her choice between them.

VITAL STATISTICS: New imported French model Danielle Darrieux (Dahree-yeuh) is 21, dainty, fragile, delicate, yet manages to look a naïve and permanent 16. Bordeaux born, on May Day, 1917, during the World Ghastly, her father, Dr. Jean Darrieux, died from war wounds. Mother Darrieux was a singing teacher. Danielle married Henri Decoin, who authed one of her French pix when she was 17. Decoin's a war ace, shot down 17 planes after his captain father was killed in battle. She's 5/4, weighs 118, has gray-green eyes, untouched brown hair, light-brown orb pools. Gets $2.500 a week. . . . Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has the Baron von Thrane as a stand-in. The baron's 23, speaks 5 languages, has played New York, Paris, London stages under name of Gordon Clark, is unmarried, his ambition is not to be an actor. Wants to opera chant, produce film. Fairbanks is now 28, was New York born of Doug, Sr., and his social wife, got edded in fancy schools here and (mostly) abroad, wanted to sculp, paint, and write, got into movies instead.

Danielle Darrieux, Mischa Auer, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in The Rage of Paris.

★ ★½ BLOCKADE

THE PLAYERS: Madeleine Carroll, Henry Fonda, Leo Carrillo, John Halliday, Vladimir Sokoloff, Reginald Denny, Robert Warwick, William B. Davidson, Fred Kohler, Peter Godfrey, Carlos de Valdez, Katherine DeMille, George Byron, Lupita Tovar, Nick Thompson, Rosina Galli, Ramon Ros, Dolores Durán, Guy d'Ennery, Edward Brady, Murdock MacQuarrie, Harry Semels, Babay Marie de la Paz, Demetrius Emanuel, Hugh Prosser, Arthur Aylesworth, George Lloyd, Allen Garcia, Herbert Heywood, Roger Drake, Paul Bradley, Carl Stockdale, Skins Miller, Evelyn Selbie, Mary Foy, Belle Mitchell, Cecil Weston, Ricca Allen. Original story and screen play by John Howard Lawson. Directed by William Dieterle. Produced by Walter Wanger. Running time, 90 minutes.

HERE Hollywood has taken the Spanish war as a background for a plea for peace.

The picture is magnificently photographed and graphically directed, but it has been unfortunately weakened through employing that standard spy plot of the beautiful girl working for one army falling in love with the handsome lad engaged by the opposing side. The two in this case are the exquisite Madeleine Carroll and the unaffected Henry Fonda. When Miss Carroll has to observe the effect of a food blockade on a starving village, she realizes her nefariousness, betrays her backers, risks her life. She ends up right where you expect, though, in Mr. Fonda's arms.

VITAL STATISTICS: Originally created and scripted by Clifford (Golden Boy) Odets @ $3,000 a week, this was called The River Is Blue, then Castles in Spain, lay fallow around Wanger studios for over a year. Meanwhile thousands died in Spain, Hollywood-made Spanish war pix flopped, Wanger offered script for sale, got no takers, finally screwed up his own daring producer courage to toss it off himself. Called in radicaliberal John Howard Lawson to hatch Odets' egg, Lawson did considerable rewriting, gets solo screen credit, nary a mention of Odets. O. K., Odets, wilt thou sting? . . . To insure Blockade's absolute neutrality in war, research workers labored hard to get inaccuracy into uniforms, backgrounds, identity of characters. Town of Castelmare's built from memory, snugs into the California hills, where most of the war takes place when it's not being fought in miniature or on the Hollywood back lot. . . . Floods did much damage to sets, wilting them, washing them away, etc., but also some good. After waters receded everything came out green, rare for suthn Cal, made it look like ideal Spanish country—except, of course, for the blood. Blood, by the way, is usually ketchup. Vats of it used in this. . . . Leo Carrillo pilots his own plane and yacht.

★ ★½ THE TOY WIFE

THE PLAYERS: Luise Rainer, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young, Barbara O'Neil, H. B. Warner, Alma Kruger, Libby Taylor, Theresa Harris, Esther Muir, Priscilla Lawson, Walter Kingsford, Clinton Rosemond, Clarence Muse, Leonard Penn, Alan Perl. Original story and screen play by Zoë Akins. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 100 minutes.

IF you are forty or over, this will recall the spring days of your youth, when the stock company used to come to town and the leading lady died all over the stage for your tearful benefit. For do not let the title fool you into expecting a frolicsome film. This is a contrived tear jerker.

Luise Rainer is the younger of two sisters who, having been "finished" in Paris, return to their New Orleans home in search of husbands. Older sister Barbara O'Neil falls in love with serious Melvyn Douglas, but he, unfortunately for all concerned, is infatuated with baby-brained Luise. Merely to wed, Luise marries him, bears him a son, but giggles at the thoughts of managing their home or bringing up their little boy. Enter Robert Young, a dashing lad from a neighboring plantation, with an eye for Luise, and re-enter solemn Barbara to take over the responsibilities of Luise's house. This leads to an elopement between Luise and Bob, a duel between Bob and Melvyn, a sad, sad ending for the toy wife.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Hollywood's second attempt to glamorize introverted Luise Rainer. She's all bewigged, bepowdered, bespangled, behoopskirted, bebaubled, and bepadded for the part. Rainer admits she can't be glamorous, try as she may, isn't happy when she's trying to be, is happiest when she has an unhappy part. . . . Three hundred Negroes called in to be nonunionized slaves had to relearn Suthn dialect, there being too many cultured Central Avenue and college accents among them. Twenty-four selected to do a sing number couldn't resist the temptation to swing-on-down, began wagging trucking fingers, scatting, choosin' the president, and spoiling scenes. . . .I'll be durned if those aren't ten real live canaries which sit contentedly among the taffeta bows on one of Rainer's costumes.

★ ★ WIVES UNDER SUSPICION

THE PLAYERS: Warren William, Gail Patrick, Constance Moore, William Lundigan, Ralph Morgan, Cecil Cunningham, Samuel S. Hinds, Milburn Stone, Lillian Yarbo, Jonathan Hale. Screen play by Myles Connolly suggested by a play by Ladislaus Fodor. Directed by James Whale. Produced by Universal. Running time, 70 minutes.

FAITHFUL moviegoers know by this time how it is with district attorneys, the way in which they pursue murderers grimly, always getting their man, but usually having to neglect their love life the while.

Thus it is with Warren William. He adores his wife, Gail Patrick, but he is so rushed with his killers. Receiving the confession of a wife-killer who explains he slaughtered his spouse as she sat looking into her dressing-table mirror, Warren wonders if he perhaps may not kill his wife the same way. He tags her to an innocent rendezvous one night, and is about to blow her head off when his better nature, or something, stops him. Instead of rubbing her out, he decides to take a vacation with her. A hilarious bit by Lillian Yarbo gets completely sunk in all this.

VITAL STATISTICS: I can remember back when all pix called Neglected Wives had theme similar to this: Busy Husb Neglects the Mrs.; Becomes Money Machine; Wife Turns on Jealousy; Wines and Dines with Other Men at Ritz; Husb Redeems Self; Comes Back Home; Came the Dawn! Moralistic heartrending lesson-dramas went out about 20 years ago. Will there be a revival? . . . Patrician-profiled Gail Patrick is married to Bob Cobb of the Brown Derby-owning Cobbs, is no neglected wife in real life. She's of Birmingham, Alabama.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich.

★★★—The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, The Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo.

THE WORD THAT CAROL NEVER HEARS IS..."DARLING"

SHE meets so many nice men and yet she is always left wondering why none of them ever fall in love with *her*.

She knows she's pretty and easy to talk to. And she *thinks* she's careful about her person. After all, doesn't she bathe every day?

Foolish Carol—to trust a bath alone to keep her sweet. For underarms always need Mum's sure care. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *before it starts.*

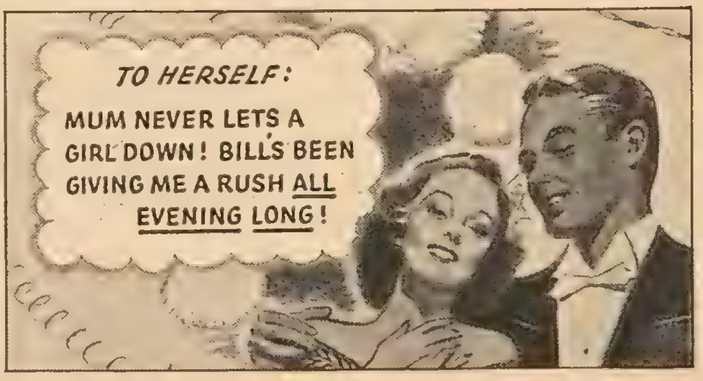
Popular girls use Mum because it's... QUICK—half a minute to use... HARMLESS to skin and clothing... SURE—Mum's protection lasts for a full day or evening. Mum stops all odor, without stopping perspiration. Use Mum for the kind of charm men like!

Thousands of women avoid worry, too, by always using Mum on Sanitary Napkins. It's gentle, safe, sure!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ITS MUM FOR ME! HOW CAN ANY GIRL THINK A BATH IS ENOUGH?


TO HERSELF:
MUM NEVER LETS A GIRL DOWN! BILL'S BEEN GIVING ME A RUSH ALL EVENING LONG!

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

HER two little girls don't worry a bit when they break things around the house. "Never mind," they say. "Mama can mend it."

And mama *can* mend it. Mama can mend almost anything, because that's her business. She is Dorothy Rodgers, of Repairs, Inc.—a remarkable enterprise which she started three years ago and has developed with unique success.

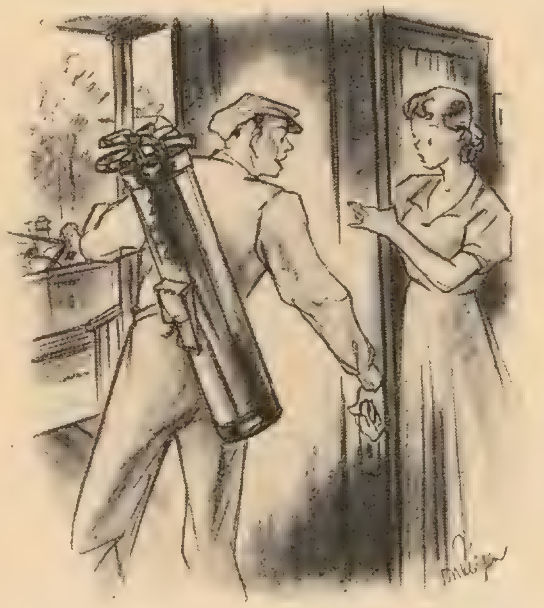
People bring her their damaged treasures. From her office the job goes out to some expert fixer-upper. It is her function to keep always in touch with repair specialists in every line, such as the master restorers of art objects, antique furniture, paintings, tapestries, rare lace, silverware, china, etc.—right down to wax-and-sugar ornaments from old wedding cakes. . . . I asked her what kind of repair job makes the most frequent bother. . . . "Prying out stoppers," she said, "that have got stuck in fancy bottles. It sometimes takes us three or four days to work them loose."

Ivory, tortoise shell, and mother-of-pearl are extra difficult to repair. . . . Every fashionable wedding reception brings in a bumper crop of broken china to be mended. . . . Helen Hayes, the actress, whenever she goes on tour, sends back a steady stream of quaint old busted clocks, mirrors, bird cages, and the like, to be patched up by Repairs, Inc. Helen simply can't resist the antique shops of any city wherein she plays.

The novel idea of Dorothy Rodgers' business was inspired, a few summers ago, by the experience of subletting her own apartment, furnished. When she moved in again she found nearly everything smashed, torn, or burned. Putting all the various repairmen to work was such a roundabout chore that she conceived the plan of getting them together and covering the whole field from a central headquarters. Which is what she proceeded to do, with gratifying results. . . . Her husband is Richard Rodgers, of Rodgers and Hart, the team that turns out so many popular musical shows.

☆ Part of a letter from an Indiana girl. . . . "I am engaged to a boy who talks about money all the time. He isn't stingy or grasping. He's kind and considerate, and of course I want him to make money, but I feel ashamed when I go out with him, because he sounds so mercenary. How should I go at it to get him out of this habit?"

Don't *go at* it at all! Learn, instead, to take an intelligent interest in the subject yourself. Money can be just as *cultured* a topic of conversation as another — as politics, let us say, or other people's affairs.



"Will you call up the office and tell 'em I'm not feeling well today, dear?"

☆ *Two new bathroom conveniences.* . . . Bath mats and washcloths of vegetable parchment from Kalamazoo, Michigan, not too expensive to throw away after one using, therefore a hot-weather laundry saver. . . . Handy hangers that fit quickly in bathroom cupboards, providing rows of extra hooks for hanging up tooth-paste tubes, brushes, scissors, etc.

☆ In my neighborhood some of us wish we had nerve enough to ask a *very* dignified lady a certain question. Living near by, she is the wife of a retired army officer, a general. We never hear her call him anything but "General," and we understand on excellent backstairs authority that she speaks to him thus at all times, never using his first name, not even when they are alone in the privacy of their home. . . . What we wonder is this: Through their long married life, has she been addressing him differently after each of his promotions?

For example, one night did she say to him, "I'm sleepy, Major; I'm going to bed." Then the next morning, when it happened to be the date of his next rise in rank, did she have to say, "Hurry up, Lieutenant Colonel; breakfast is ready"? . . . An odd domestic atmosphere to imagine!

☆ Seasonable and sensible is the advice offered in the new book, How to Suntan for Health and Fun, by Allen Klein, Ph. G., and Lucius Herz, M. D. (Published by the Rodale Press. Costs a dollar.)

☆ The housewives of Devonshire, England, are famous for their desserts combining apples, blackberries, and cream. It was at an old Devon farmhouse on the river Dart that I first tasted apple-and-blackberry batter cake, made as follows. . . . Use ¾ cup good firm blackberries mixed with 1 cup diced green apple. For the cake batter, beat 2 eggs with 1 cup milk; add a pinch of salt; then sift in 1 cup flour and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Stir the fruit and batter together with 4 tablespoons melted butter. Pour into shallow pan. Bake 12 minutes in hot oven. Reduce heat and bake 15 or 20 minutes more. Brush the top crust with butter; sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Serve piping hot, with a pitcher of the richest natural cream you can obtain.

☆ Most men fret furiously about the way their wives or sweethearts keep them waiting. They cuss and complain because the girls are late for dates. A certain doctor of my acquaintance has a different viewpoint. Ancient history is his hobby—a hobby from which he derives endless pleasure. And he says . . . "When I was courting my wife, before we were married, she was always at least half an hour late in keeping any date with me. Often her tardiness stretched from an hour to an hour and a half. . . . Just while sitting and waiting for her, at various places where we were supposed to meet, I read all six volumes of the 1899 edition of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. . . . I never would have become so interested in ancient history if she hadn't been so unpunctual."

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Her Formula for a Happy Marriage

San Diego, Calif.—Have you ever been so irked—so goaded to the point of exasperation—that you simply had to " tell somebody off " or have your mind become poisoned with the thoughts that seethed in your brain cells? If you have ever felt like this, then you know what is prompting me to write.

There is a limit to what most of us will endure. I have kept quiet in the past. I merely boiled inside when I read No One Can Take My Husband! (November 13, 1937, Liberty.) But now, after reading My Transparent Man! (April 2 Liberty) I find I can no longer keep quiet. It is like building up the fire under an already boiling kettle and expecting nothing to happen.

Do these authors represent " modern American wives "? I sincerely hope not, for then, it seems, we must either be slaves to our husbands or so selfish and wrapped up in ourselves that we believe all men to be fools.

No One Can Take My Husband! rather nauseated me in parts. But My Transparent Man! Fortunately (for me), it took no longer than five minutes to read. Had it been longer I probably would have " blown a fuse " before I finished with it. I too am on my second marital adventure—but I most certainly did not pick my second husband because he was an opposite color from the first " just to change my luck." I *learned* something from my first marriage.

After all, marriage is a broadening experience and no one should be able to go through a marriage for any length of time without learning something. Any normal intelligent person doesn't let such an experience just fall from their shoulders like they would a cloak without leaving some impression upon them. They *know* why it failed, *know* what qualities in themselves were unable to cope with certain qualities in their mate. Most women, I hope, don't pick their husbands by their size or color and exchange them for their opposites.

Of course men have ego! But how about the women? How many women lack this most essential quality? What would either sex be like without some ego? Wives like to have their husbands pat them on the back, bolster up their courage, and feed their ego a bit, so why not reciprocate and give their husbands a buoyed-up-I'm-a-pretty-fine-fellow feeling occasionally? Turn about is fair play, you know!

As for me, I'll give my husband a fifty-fifty give-and-take marriage. I'll pat him on the back and build up his ego—when he needs it. *He* will do the same for me. I'll be a pal, a companion, and a best friend to him. He will be these things to me. I'll do the things he likes, go to the places he likes. I'll be his competitor in the sports that he likes. And he'll do these things for me!

I'll give—plenty! *But*—so will he!

I'll take—plenty! *But* so will he!

I'll not only make him happy—he'll make me happy. And when *both* husband and wife are happy, working together, pulling together, putting in all they've got, is there any doubt of the marriage being a success?—*(Mrs.) E. H. Nickley.*

GINSBERG COUNTERBALANCED " WHAT HITLER TOLD ME "

Puyallup, Wash.—The most nauseating piece of Jewish propaganda I've read since Hitler saved Germany for the Germans was Heil Ginsberg! by Scott Littleton (May 21 Liberty).

If you must print such drivel, why don't you at least put it under the heading, Propaganda, on the Contents page of your magazine?

What a lovely sense of humor this bird Littleton has! Imagine two people named Ginsberg giving a party for a D. A.!

What a story! What an author! What an ending!—*Howard Beals.*

Canton, Ohio—I started to write to you harshly and critically after I had read What Hitler Told Me (May 21 Liberty). Fortunately, I was interrupted, and in the meanwhile read Heil Ginsberg! I am certainly glad this letter was not mailed in the original mood, because, in your usual fair manner, you have presented both sides of this moot question.

For me, however, now and always, Heil Ginsberg!—*Alfred C. Mendel.*

SUPER-ULTRA PROSPERITY

Jamaica, N. Y.—If the Townsend Plan and pump priming are sound, why not pay all wages and salaries in dated dollars that *must* be spent in a time-limit period (current month)? This would create super-ultra prosperity plus and solve all problems.—*George Durst.*

PROUD OF MILK IN VEINS AND ICE-CUBE HEART!

Chicago, Ill.—The thing about Mere Man's letter (May 21 Vox Pop) that affronted me most was the signature. I believe that those of his own sex will be the first to say that the writer of this epistle is no man at all, and if the lady author in question is not " out of her mental and emotional teens," he is not even emotionally born yet! And he seems to be proud of the milk that flows in his veins and the ice cube that is where his heart should be!—*Just a Woman.*

THE AIR CORPS APPRECIATES OUR CO-OPERATION ON SONG

Washington, D. C.—The Chief of Air Corps has noted that you carried his letter regarding an Air Corps song in April 9 Liberty.

Many replies and inquiries have been received. None of the material submitted to date appears to have merit, but it is hoped that this publicity that Liberty has given our need for a suitable song will eventually produce the desired result.

The Air Corps appreciates very much indeed this evidence of co-operation on the part of your magazine.—*H. H. Arnold, Brigadier General, Air Corps, Acting Chief of the Air Corps.*

" MY EARLIEST MEMORY "

Boston, Mass.—Why not run an Early Memories competition? Here is mine as a starter:

My earliest memory was while at the seashore. I was about three or four years old. They sat me on the edge of a float, my feet dangling in the surf. I felt a tug at my leg, and looking down into the water, I saw dad swimming below its surface like a fish, grinning up at me. I screamed and jumped in to rescue him.—*Edith W. Svěhla.*

THE CREAM-PUFF AGE OF MAN

Milwaukee, Wis.—I have found many evidences that this world is undergoing a pronounced wave of moral degeneracy, but it took the opening chapter of Dorothy Speare's Her Gentleman Secretary (June 4 Liberty) to show just how bad conditions can become in the feminine idealistic viewpoint.

Must we men all drop down to the level of the panty-waist secretary described by Miss Speare in order to vie for the attentions of women? Sideburns, spats, fawn-colored gloves, a suit that curved in at the waist! A prince, eh? Bah!

Congratulations to Hal for telling his wife off. If Jill wants a man who will cook and crochet for her, let her marry the gigolo weakling she's taken under her wing at the office.

Boy, this really is the cream-puff age of man. Whoops!—*Jack Jaster.*

SAILOR OBJECTS

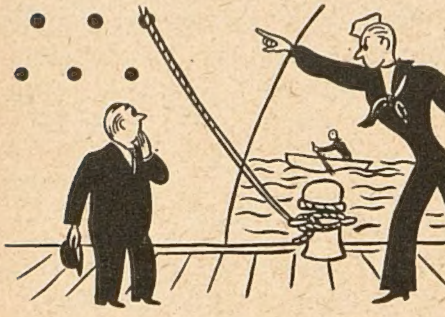
Oakland, Calif.—Enjoyed 36 Hours Across the Atlantic! by Donald Furthman Wickets (May 21 Liberty).

In reading this article I couldn't help notice Mr. Wickets' apparent confusion in calling a ship a boat.

In one paragraph he refers to the Queen Mary and Normandie as boats. Zowie!

To call a ship a boat is lubberly. Any dictionary will clear the matter up.

Being a sailor myself, I often notice this lubberly practice of calling a ship a boat.—*A Bluejacket.*



PRAYER REUNITES HUSBAND AND WIFE

Fairfax, Va.—Some time ago I read with deep feeling an article in your magazine telling of answered prayers and a league of persons who devoted themselves to prayer for others.

I wrote you at that time telling of my need for prayer, and asked that you give my letter to this league, asking them to pray for me and also that my wife and I be brought together again.

I asked this because I did not know where else to send my request.

I do not know whether you did as I asked or not. But I want to tell you and the league, if they did pray for me, that my prayers *have* been answered. My wife has accepted me again and we will be together again before long.

God *does* answer prayer. Thank you!—*Happy Man.*

HE LOWERED HIS ENTHUSIASM SO AS TO ENJOY MOVIE

Jersey City, N. J.—Orchids to you, as Walter Winchell would put it, for having Ruth Waterbury give us a true slant on the movies of today. Believe me, we need some one who can really interpret the ballyhoo of today's pictures, some good and some bad—mostly bad. I was all steamed up over the movie Doctor Rhythm, but read Miss Waterbury's preview before sitting through it, and lowered my enthusiasm enough to enjoy the show.

Thanks, Miss Water- ry, for a swell preview.—*niel P. Warsley.*

Liberty's Articles on Evils of Communism

Cleveland, Ohio—The impulse to write this letter arises from the knowledge that your publication influences hundreds of thousands of people and from a growing appreciation of Mr. Macfadden's editorials and for the character of this man. He is a sturdy American citizen and I wish we had a few like him at the helm in Washington.

On the assumption that you do not resent suggestions from subscribers, I wish you would seriously consider printing more articles and editorials on the evils of Communism in this nation. I don't think I could be called a "Red-baiter," but a keen desire to understand the left-wing philosophies of the New Deal caused me, some time ago, to read many of the books that motivate the minds of at least some of the officials in front of and behind the scene in Washington. Instead of reassuring me and instead of helping me to be more tolerant, this research work has perturbed me no end.

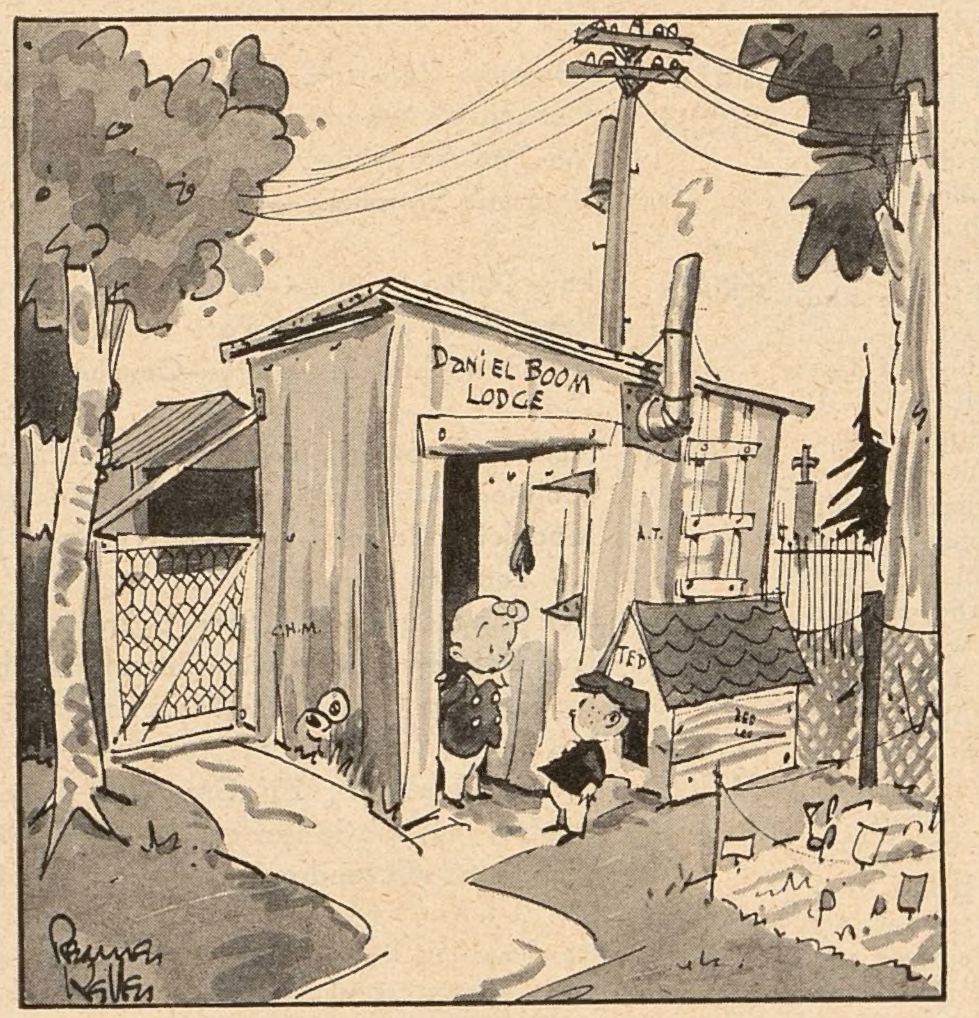
To my mind, one of the most significant and constructive articles that have appeared in any publication was your The Inquisition Comes to America, by Senator H. Styles Bridges (May 14 Liberty). This is right in line with my suggestion, but it seems to me that such articles appear infrequently to offset the wave of Communistic propaganda that has swept over the country during the past five years.—*John C. Virden.*

[May we suggest to Mr. Virden that Liberty has had a number of such articles, and refer him to these among others: Is Red Russia Striking at American Industry? by Matthew Woll, July 21, 1934; Can the Reds Destroy Us? by Matthew Woll as told to Earl Reeves, January 19, 1935; Moscow Declares War, by Matthew Woll as told to Earl Reeves, February 2, 1935; But America Won't Go Communist! by Senator James J. Davis, March 30, 1935; Will the Communists Get Our Girls in College? by J. G. Shaw, September 7, 1935; Labor Had Better Watch Out—or It Will Lose Everything, by Matthew Woll, February 8, 1936; Can Our Government Survive? by William E. Borah, May 2, 1936; What Communists Plan for *You,* by William O. Lucas, May 23, 1936; Is Moscow Ready to Reach Out for France? by Marie Brett-Perring, August 1, 1936; Rah, Rah, Russia! by Nolen Bulloch, December 19, 1936; How This Bolshevism Works, Anonymous, February 13 to April 17, 1937; "The Employers Will Disappear," Says Harry Bridges (Editorial), June 26, 1937; Series on the C. I. O., by Will Irwin: Will Labor Seize the Balance of Power? October 23, 1937; The C. I. O. and the Sit-Down Strike, October 30, 1937; Are the Unions Headed for Civil War? November 6, 1937; Will Hitler and Mussolini Start Stalin's War? by "Envoy," February 5, 1938.—Vox Pop Editor.]

WHERE HAVE WE BEEN KEEPING RUTH HAMBLEN SCOTT?

Seward, Alaska—What I want to know is where you have been keeping this Ruth Hamblen Scott, whose Remember, Kib? appears in May 7 Liberty. It's been many a long day since I've read anything with such an intriguing style. It may be just another love story to some people, but for me it packed a real wallop.—*Ed Jervis.*

"HARDTACK"



"Run over to the store and get a can of spinach—we're initiating a couple of new members."

"YOU COULD MAKE THE PRICE A DOLLAR"

Abbeville, La.—To me—and no doubt to many of your readers—the exploits of Ellis Parker that you are publishing are highly entertaining, and it is hoped that you can continue them for a long time to come.

I wonder if Parker knows about the Hall-Mills mystery of years ago which was never officially solved? It was most interesting.

Why not publish a résumé of the case? I am sure the old-timers will enjoy it, and many of the younger readers too.

Yours is a great publication. I do not think I have missed a number. As far as I am concerned, you could make the price a dollar a number and I would still read it.—*C. A. Shaw.*

HOW IS WEALTH CREATED?

El Paso, Tex.—"I want to make the masses of the people think," as Brisbane used to say, and here is what I want Vox Poppers to answer after thinking hard: "How is wealth created?"

As simple as it sounds, the average person has never thought of it. Let's have a flock of answers.—*M. E. H.*

Why the Professor Gets Too Many Letters

SOME WEEKS AGO we published an article about a Texas college where ambitious students could get a helping hand. . . . The article was called Haunted House Makes Good, and it dealt with the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. . . . From Daniel Russell, head of the Rural Sociology Department, comes the following interesting comment:

"I want to express my appreciation and the appreciation of the boys living in the co-operative houses for the consideration given us by Liberty in a recent issue. I have delayed writing you until I saw something of the response to that article. My correspondence has doubled many, many times since the article was published. I believe we have had letters from every state in the Union; from CCC boys, boys who have been out of high school for several years, and from widowed mothers about their sons attending college on that plan, and many other persons and groups. I just do not know whether we can take care of all of these boys, but I do know that Liberty made a contribution to these boys."

. . . That's fine. . . . One of the rich satisfactions to the editors of Liberty is the pleasure of calling attention to the good works that are going on all over the United States. . . . And here is more good news. . . . The government is about to print a new book edition of We Can Prevent Crime, the famous series of articles by Homer S. Cummings, Attorney General of the United States, which were written at our request and published serially in Liberty. . . . Five thousand of these books have already been distributed to women's clubs and other organizations and clubs throughout the United States, and now a second edition is needed. . . . We are proud to have published this series. . . . NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE contains a number of important articles. . . . Among the ones you will not want to miss are: Perdition in the Mediterranean, by Lowell Thomas; How Reliable Is the Wassermann Test? by Dr. Louis Chargin; Are the Human Whales Gone Forever? (a whale of a sports article), by Lawson Robertson; Why Do 50,000,000 People Stay Home from the Movies? by Nat J. Ferber; and many other features, as well as outstanding short stories by Robert E. Pinkerton, Alberta Hughes Wahl, and others. . . . GENERAL BULLARD POINTS out the following: "Liberty was the first magazine to report on our first Modern War vs. Old-Fashioned Army 'war games.' Michigan and Kentucky, 1936, biggest since 1918. Your correspondent at the front, Lt. Gen. Bullard. Lesson: Modern, mechanized force can lick ten times its numbers of a mule-speed army. We had about a handful of 'mechanization.' Your November demand was ONE mechanized division, and in January the War Department said they planned to have one—in four years. 'Gradually'! In my recently delivered piece I recommend writing the program upward—for FOUR mechanized regular divisions and FOUR streamlined guard divisions." . . . Alonzo Frumble writes: "Everybody has a pet superstition. Gary Cooper, Hollywood actor, has an old Stetson cowboy hat he wore when canvassing from door to door for a photographer. He says that it is his good-luck piece and will never part with it. What is your pet superstition?" . . . Ours is never to quarrel with a skunk. . . . Anybody else have a pet superstition? . . . THAT COMPENDIUM OF wit and wisdom, the Congressional Record, recently reprinted George Sokolsky's Liberty piece, How Long Will We Have Religious Liberty? . . . Cornelius Vanderbilt tells how he and his mother went to church recently. . . . The preacher denounced the New Deal so violently that Mrs. Vanderbilt doubled the amount she dropped in the collection plate. . . . But Neil, who holds opposite political views, put in nothing at all, so it was a stalemate. . . .

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

With the Country Gasping for Financial Breath Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Romance Comes to Sammy Glick....Budd Wilson Schulberg 16
Casanova's Women: Angela Opens a Lover's Eyes. John Erskine 25
We Two Are Three Again..............Audrey D. Mountain 47
Domestic Symphony—Liberty's Short Short. Mark Chamberlain 52

SERIALS

Love During Business—Part I...........Margaret E. Sangster 6
Rendezvous at Arms—Part V..........Charles Francis Coe 30
Her Gentleman Secretary—Conclusion.......Dorothy Speare 38

ARTICLES

Herbert Hoover Tells What America Must Do Next. . Will Irwin 11
Is Hitler in Love with a Jewess? . . Princess Catherine Radziwill 21
Madeleine Carroll—The Girl Who Had to Learn to Laugh....................Katharine Roberts 24
Hurrying Heaven—The Story of Brother Martin. Edward Doherty 36
True Detective Cases from Secret French Archives—The Strange Case of the Disappearing Taxi. . . Zeta Rothschild 43

FEATURES

Twenty Questions, 20; Crossword Puzzle, 45; $2,000 Stargazing Contest, 46; Movie Reviews by Ruth Waterbury, 53; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 55; Vox Pop, 56.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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WILLIAM ALLAN
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Making Amateur Photography Pay
HOW TO SELL YOUR PICTURES
Introduction by D. MORGAN Editor
A Small Business of Your Own
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Tells how to make your camera pay—what sort of pictures to take—how to take them for best effect—where to sell them (including over three hundred names and addresses of markets). Also tells how to caption and mail pictures to editors of newspapers, magazines, syndicates, etc. Twenty illustrations showing types of pictures most in demand. Your present collection may contain saleable prints. A fine practical book for anyone owning a camera. Substantially bound, only $1.00 postpaid.

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THIS PART OF "DUDE" RANCHING IS O.K. WITH LEE THURSBY

"Lee, I've been trying to decide what it is I like best about Camels — their mildness, or that good Camel taste. Camels agree with me in so many, *many* ways!"

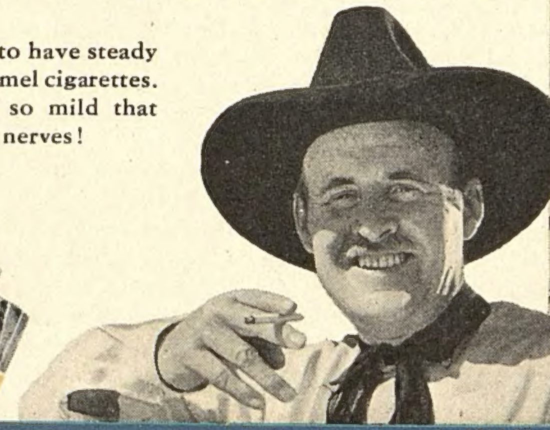
"You and me both, Miss Alice. There's so powerful many things to make Camels different. In this 'dude' ranching business I've got to have my nerves in shape *all* the time. Camels don't get my nerves ragged. Whenever hustling gets me played out, a Camel gives me a swell 'lift' in energy. There's more pleasure to Camels. Our guests seem to go for Camels too!"

HERE IT LOOKS MIGHTY PLEASANT being host at the Malibu "Dude" Ranch and starting guests Betty Campion and Alice Carver on the trails. But ask Lee Thursby about the other side of the picture — the endless, exhausting task of keeping 35 restless "dudes" busy, amused, and fed! You bet Lee has a favorite cigarette, and, above, he tells Miss Carver why. It's *a preference with a reason!*

BUT WHAT YOU DON'T SEE ABOVE IS THE TOUGH, NERVE-STRAINING SIDE OF KEEPING A BUSY "DUDE" RANCH GOING

Lee Thursby has got to have steady nerves. He smokes Camel cigarettes. He finds Camels are so mild that they never get on his nerves!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY



BACK TO THE REAL GRIND, Lee Thursby, assisted by "Shorty" Kelley, hefts another load of grub from the chuckwagon. Cartons of Camels too? You bet! Lee knows his guests feel as he does about Camels during and after meals. Lee says: "I smoke Camels 'for digestion's sake.' Camels give me that 'hunky-dory' feeling— another reason Camels set me right! Believe me, 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

•

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

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ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER: "CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!"

What cigarette for the men who *grow* and *know* tobacco? "Camels!" say these leading tobacco planters

"I *know* the difference between tobaccos that go into various cigarettes," states tobacco planter Joe R. Galloway. "Year in—year out, my extra-fine grades have gone to Camels, including the best of my last crop. Camels are the smoke for me — and for most other growers!"

Grower Lee Mason is well qualified to *know* what cigarette has finer tobaccos. He says, "I sold the best lots of my last crop to the Camel people. This has happened many times — with other planters too. I smoke Camels, as most planters do in this tobacco-growing country."

"My best baskets of tobacco were bought by the Camel people," declares planter Edward Thompson, who knows every phase of tobacco growing. "And," Mr. Thompson adds, "that's the experience of most of my planter friends. So, like me, they smoke Camels."